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Dakota Dan uttered a yell of triumph, then away he went, reloading his rifle as he galloped along.

OLD DAN RACKBACK,

The Great Extarminator

THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL.

BY OLL COOMES,

Author of "Dakota Dan," "Happy Harry," "Idaho Tom," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

Creek, a tributary to the Big Cheyenne river. Like a mere thread of silver it flashed and the great brown ocean of prairie. Now and then its continuity was broken by clumps of cottonwood and pine trees, that were interspersed over the plain and along the valleys like oasis in the desert, but, darting through these, it went murmuring silently onward, with the secret of its golden fount buried in its

To this stream, and at a point upon its shores known as Lone Tree Grove, we call the attention of the readers.

It was a warm, balmy, dreamy October day. Soft and mellow shone the sun's rays through the blue ethereal depths of "Indian Summer." plain was brown and sear. Autumnal frosts had sapped the life from that great ocean of verdure and robbed it of its emerald hue. The tall, graceful cottonwoods bristled in their nakedness, and their fallen robes rustled ominously at their feet. Only the pines retained a vestige of the summer gone, for they still were

The day had been unusually still. Scarcely insect's droning wing broke the foreboding spell of the hour and place. Solitude and since reigned supreme; but however sacred

The far-off report of a rifle swelled suddenly and sullenly across the plain, and the eye turning in the direction whence it came, would en a tiny cloud appear against the misty

have heard the sound of human voices rising THE MYSTERIOUS OLD MAN'S SHOT. from out its environing depths. For a while Down across the plains of Dakota from its the cloud appeared to hang stationary upon the source among the Black Hills, wound Beaver air, gradually swelling in volume; But a keen eye would soon have discovered that this was due to the fact that the cloud was coming nearsparkled in the sunlight as it crept softly on er and nearer on a straight line toward the toward the parent stream across the bosom of grove—drifting slowly down the wind like a black sail. As it came still closer, it seemed to move faster, leaving a dark, diminishing line hanging in the air along its trail; while clearer and more distinct came those excited cries from out its depths.

One unaccustomed to the prairies might have taken it for a whirlwind sweeping down from the north, freighted with the shrieks of storm-spirits; but one more experienced in the freaks of the wind and weather upon the plain, would have known better. In fact, no one would have been left long in doubt, for, out of the cloud, like spirits out of the gloaming, the proportions of fast-moving horsemen gradually unfolded themselves

There were half a dozen or more of them in one body, while a few hundred yards in advance was one man, alone

To a casual observer, the cause of the rapid riding would have soon become manifest: the one in advance was an Indian warrior, and in his arms he held the form of a young white girl, whose rescue was no doubt the object of the a breath of air was stirring; not a bird chirped in the little grove of cottonwoods—not even an appearance, lifeless. Her head hung backward over the encircling arm of her captor; her white face was upturned toward the blue sky, and a wealth of golden hair floated on the wind they may have been, they were soon to be broken in upon by profane and unholy sounds. about her head and over the brawny, naked shoulders of the savage. If she was not dead, she had been relieved of all the horrors and agony of captivity by terror throwing the vail of unconsciousness over her mind.

The Indian was a Sioux, and notwithstandblue of the northern horizon. It would have discovered that it was a dust cloud rising from was in war-paint and looked like a fiend incarthe earth, and at the same time the ear would nate as he came thundering down the plain.

reeking with foam. He rode bareback and sat tree just as the pursuers came up on the other the animal as though immovably fixed upon it. His dark eyes glowed with a look of fiendish admiration as he glanced at the sweet, fair face of his helpless captive; then, as the shouts of his pursuers rung forth upon the air, a look of wild fear and determination contracted the muscles of his face, and he urged on his panting beast.

Of the six pursuers, all were white men, and no doubt the friends of the captive maid. The eldest of the party was a man past forty. led in the pursuit with the rein in one hand and a rifle in the other. His head was bare, and his long, iron-gray hair floating back from the brow, distinctly revealed the profile of an intellectual face. He wore a blue woolen shirt and gray pants. Like his head, his feet were bare. He had evidently stripped himself for the race, as also had his companions. The horse he bestrode was an exact match for the one the savage was upon, and no doubt its

The rest of the party were all young men, in whose faces shone the spirit of adventure. They were well armed, and each held a revolver in his hand, ready for instant use.

The pursuers were fully sixty rods behind the savage, yet appeared to be gaining steadily on him. They were using every exertion to increase the speed of their animals whose flanks were white with foam.

"Spur on, boys! spur on!" shouted Major Loomis, the leader of the pursuers; "we may head the red devil off on the banks of the Beaver, if he don't give us the slip by dodging into the grove. Spur on, boys! My poor child—my Amy must be saved!"

shout of encouragement answered the father's urgent appeal and the men pressed their animals to their utmost speed.

On, straight toward the creek—leaving the

grove a few rods to the left—the savage made his headlong way.

On the very edge of the precipitous bank he drew rein, ran his eyes up and down the stream, then glanced backward at his pursuers, then across the plain on the opposite side of the creek, when a cry of triumph rung from his He was encouraged—incited to this by sight of a band of horsemen sweeping down from the distant hills toward him. Full well he knew they were friends, although they were

over a mile and a half away. Dropping himself to the ground, he turned his animal loose, and clasping the maiden still tighter in his sinewy arms, he sprung down the bank, plunged into the water to his waist and floundered across to the opposite shore, gaining

He bestrode a spirited horse whose sides were I the bank and the cover of a large cottonwood

'Dismount, boys, and follow on foot!" cried the half-distracted father, leaping from his animal's back. He saw that the high banks made it totally impossible to cross the stream on horseback

In a moment every man was dismounted, and giving the horses into the care of two of their number, the others were about to leap down the bank when a man cried out:

'Stay, men! for God's sake, look yonder! and he pointed across the stream toward the band of approaching horsemen whom all could see were Indians.

"Oh, my child! my poor child!" cried the major, clutching his brow and staggering backward, as if under the force of a terrific blow.

The savage still kept behind the tree on the opposite shore, fully a hundred yards away. The tree was forked and noted for its immens All over the territory it was known as the Lone Tree, and the grove near it, as Lone Tree Grove. It was a wide, branching cottonwood, under whose cool, Arcadian shadows had doubtless rested, from the excitement and fatique of the chase, the braves of a dozen gen-

The tree forked within three feet of the ground, the prongs being about eighteen inches apart immediately above the crotch; and as the little band of pursuers stood gazing across the stream in speechless silence—knowing not what course to pursue—they saw the white face of Amy Loomis look toward them through the forks of the tree. She had recovered from

Simultaneous with the discovery of her face. they heard the savage utter a yell of mocking triumph, then they saw his painted face lifted just above and back of the maiden's head.

In an instant Major Loomis threw his trusty rifle to his shoulder and drew a bead upon the savage, but before he could fire the cowardly villain covered his head behind that of the maiden, just daring to peer over her shoulder with one

eye.
"Shoot! why don't the pale-face shoot?"
yelled the bold, taunting devil, in tolerable En-

Major Loomis lowered his rifle.

"I dare not," he said, his face as white as a sheet and his hand trembling; "I cannot slay my darling though she were better dead than a captive in that barbarian's power. Hardy, see a portion of his head just above Amy's left shoulder." you are a capital shot: try the demon—you can

"Why not charge upon him, major?" asked he had nearly forgotten. He stopped and turn-

one of the party; "we can get back here before that horde comes within range of us."
"It would be sure death to us, Frank. That fiend is trying to decoy—tempt us over there; and that he would not undertake were he not certain of our destruction. I dare say there are a hundred ambuscaded savages lying in the

hollow, just back of the tree. Here, Hardy, try your hand. If you slay her, no blame shall rest upon you. If you kill the savage, maybe she can get behind the bank before the others reach her; then we can cover her retreat.' Hardy took his rifle and examined the priming. He was a youth of twenty, with a keen eye and steady nerve. Finally he faced the Lone Tree and raised the weapon. All could

see that he trembled. "Hold, thar, will ye, jist a holy second." It was a strange voice that spoke and Hardy

The party stood within a rod of the outskirts of Lone Tree Grove, from whence the voice had come, and as all turned toward it they saw a little clump of bushes slightly parted and the face of an old man—the most quaint, odd and comical-looking face imaginable — peering through upon them. Our friends were completely astonished at sight of it, and the first impulse was to laugh, but the significant shake mpulse was to laugh, but the significant shake of a long, bony finger enjoined silence upon all as effectually as though they had been stricken

"Step this way, will ye, major?" again said the old man, crooking his finger, and motion-ing Loomis toward him, with rapid movements

Loomis cautiously approached him, at the same time demanding:

"Who are you, and what do you want?"
"I'm an ole subject of anatomy, what takes to shootin' Ingins jist as nateral as water runs down hill; and, stranger, seein' that gal, be she your darter or not, is in an excrooshiatin' deefickilty, s'pose you allow me to administer to that red-skin. I can see the blaze of the devil's eye jist above her shoulder, and I think I can spile that optic if any man this side of creation

Major Loomis glanced at the slender form of the old man, in whose movements there seemed the falter of age, and in whose hand there was a perceptible tremor. His eyes, also, seemed dimmed by the use of time, and altogether there was nothing in the looks of the aged specimen of humanity to warrant the escape of the captive alive, should her father allow him a shot at the red-skin. His rifle was also one of the oldest pattern, the stock extending full length of the long barrel. Just in front of the guards the stock was worn nearly in two by long usage.

"I want to rescue my child, not slay her,"

said Loomis, in a rather negative tone.
"Then I'll try the red-skin a whet, stranger. The crack of my rifle will announce his arrival at the gates of purgatory," and the old border-man raised his rifle, and leveled it at the little patch of the red-skin's face, just visible above the captive's shoulder. For fully half a minute he held the weapon

at an aim. Loomis held his breath, for he sav that the rifle trembled. He was afraid to speak, for fear of disturbing the man at the wrong instant. To his surprise, however, the old man owered the piece without firing. He shut his eyes tightly and kept them closed for several moments. Meanwhile, he worked his fingers first upon one hand then the other, as if to relieve them of a cramp.

"I'm a leetle shaky, stranger, to what I used to was," he said. "My eyes don't reach out, either, as well as they did once; but the fact of is, age is doin' the work for me. The day vas when I axed no odds of any one, and, in

fact, I have yit to find my equal. As he concluded, he again raised his rifle and eveled it upon the savage. Loomis saw that the ong barrel was immovable. He saw it spit forth its deadly contents. He heard a deathyell, and, turning, saw that both the face of Amy and her captor had disappeared from the fork of the cottonwood. Beyond the tree a few feet he saw a red hand—the hand of the savage—beating the earth in the throes of

Out in the grove the shrill whinney of a norse, and the deep bark of a dog were heard

to follow the clear ring of the old man's rifle.

Major Loomis uttered a cry of agony, and egardless of the consequence, he ran to the bank, sprung down the steep hights, and crossing the water, soon gained the opposite shore. A few steps carried him to where the savage and Amy lay upon the earth, the former dead -shot through the eye by the unerring rifle of the mysterious old borderman, the latter in a

The major took in the whole situation at a single glance, and, with a cry of thanks, he lifted the form of his child in his arms and

made good his escape back to his friends, who hailed him with shouts of joy.

Although it has required some time for us to record the facts, all the events that transpired after the pursuers reached the creek up to the time of Amy's rescue, followed each other in such rapid succession that scarcely three minutes were occupied in the transaction of the whole. But by this time the savages approaching over the plain were within fifty rods of the creek, which fact admonished the whites of the necessity of a hasty retreat. So not a moment was lost in mounting, and putting their halfjaded animals in motion.

But, just as they started, Major Loomis happened to think of the old borderman, to whom the rescue of his daughter was doubtless owing, and whom, in the excitement of the moment

'Stranger, where are you?" called the major, but there was no response; and as there was not a moment to be lost, Loomis turned and rode rapidly away after his friends, with Amy in his

A wild, savage yell behind, suddenly told them that the dead warrior had been found, and filled with renewed fears, the white men pressed their animals to their utmost speed.

CHAPTER II.

THE OUTLAWS AND THE VAGRANT. Down from the direction of the Black Hills, at a wild, breakneck speed, galloped three horsemen, whose faces wore the flush and excitement of dangerous adventure. it was a trio of reckless, daring fellows was evident from more than one fact. They were dressed in a peculiar kind of a uniform, highly ornamented with gold lace and trimmings. Two of them were their hair trimmings. Two of them wore their hair shaven close to the scalp, while broad-brimmed hats surmounted their heads. The third man, and evidently the leader of the gang, wore his hair long as a woman's. He was a model of perfect manhood in form, but his features wore a look of sensuality and dissipation. His eyes were of a dark gray color, cold and fierce in expression. A heavy black mustache shaded his mouth, and this, with the long goatee that hung to his breast, gave him a fierce, piratical His hat was looped at one side and fastened with a blazing star of gold. A belt with a heavy gold buckle girded his waist. Silvermounted revolver-butts peeped from their receptacles on his hips. In fact, there was a mine of gold distributed about the men and their outfit, which, of itself, was evidence of that vulgar pride so characteristic of the gambler and

The leader of this little band was known as Prairie Paul, the Pirate of the Gold Hills. Just what this appellation implied, only those who dwelt within reach of the prairie pirate could fully know. He was just from his hidden home among the fastnesses of the Black Hills, and straight toward a little clump of trees on the banks of the Beaver he held his way.

To reach the creek required but a few min-utes' riding; then they turned, and entering the grove, rode into a little opening and drew

Prairie Paul gazed around him as though he expected to find some one there; but being disappointed in this, he dismounted and burst into a stormy passion.

"Not an infernal red-skin or white-skin here yet, and we are an hour late. This is how that accursed White Bear has kept his word with me, and, by heavens, he shall make amends for it with his life blood!"

"Perhaps our not being on time, captain," said one of his companions, "accounts for the white chief's absence? He may have come and gone again.

"We're but an hour late." "I know, captain; but a red-skin is a great stickler for such things—always punctual."

"Blast a red-skin that is so particular. I hate such dramatic precision in any man. Why. even the inexorable law of our land is less stringent. If we were to have been here at precisely one o'clock to attend a tribunal of justice, it would have been one o'clock until it

were two."
"Well, we can wait awhile, and see what turns up. Perhaps White Bear is late as well as we are, and will yet put in an appearance?" With a muttered oath, the captain threv himself upon the ground, and hitched his animal to a tree. His two companions followed his example; then the three threw themselves

upon the sward beneath the shadows of a majestic tree. "I am afraid something has gone wrong with White Bear," said Captain Paul, "else he

"Perhaps he failed in carrying out his plans for the capture of the hunter's daughter. Her friends may have given him a reception that materially changed his programme. I'll bet you that old Major Loomis is no numb-skull on the prairie if he roughed all through the Pike's Peak campaign, as our spy informed us that he

"If a dozen hunters can whip a hundred well-armed red-skins, I think the latter had better exchange their weapons for their wives petticoats, and let the women take the war-

"Well, but you know, my dear Paul, that sometimes a very small number can whip quite a force. For instance, take that Niobrara affair in which a dozen men knocked the trotters from under more than a cool hundred redskins and—and prairie regulators."
"Curse that affair!" exclaimed the outlaw

chief, starting as though pierced by a dagger "haven't I told you never to mention that again?"

"Of course, but then it come so handy by way of illustration, that, to save me, I couldn't help touching upon the matter. You're so sensitive, captain. You had ought to have been a woman.

"Tom, you like to twit me about my meanness," replied the captain, "but, man, I'd give a quart of precious dust to see a more wicked, heartless scoundrel on the face of the globe than your honorable self—you, Tom Jackson." "After all, captain, what has either of us done so terribly criminal?"

Ah! drawing in your horn, now, ain't you?" laughed the captain. "Of course, you've never done anything wrong, you sweet-scented I reckon you don't know you are trespassing this minute on the Sioux reservation?—running a gold mine of your own in the very heart of the forbidden ground? I reckon you don't know you are preparing yourself for the gallows by inciting peaceably in-

clined red-skins to deeds of—" "Captain, who's doing all this talkin'? More over, who's digging all this gold? doing all this assing?—all this deviltry in general?"

Well, joking aside," said the captain, calmly, "we haven't done any direct meanness for ne time, unless keeping on the good side of the red-skins might be considered naughty. It's true, we used to relieve the Pike's Peakerites of some of their surplus pickings, and now and then a horse; but that confounded Union Pacific railway bu'sted our cruising along the overland and sent us hereaways. And, I must say, it has been a good thing for us, after all; for,

by means of it, we stumbled across those rich pickings up among the Black Hills."

"Yes, besides it has kept us out of bloody mischief," replied Jackson; "but I'm of the candid opinion that we'll have to fight like Turks if we hold the Black Hills gold secret much longer. If it is true that a scientific exploring party, under General Custer, is coming into the hills, it will be impossible for them to miss our ranche. Of course, they can't help but find gold, and then the news will bring a horde of miners swarming in upon us, and then

good-by, gold-pickings. e government will not allow miners to enter the Indian reservation, don't you see?

ed toward the thicket, but the old man was not In case a few of them should come in, we could

spur the Indians up to drive them out." "It will be an easy matter for the government to effect a treaty that will open the hills to the world." the pirate chieftain responded. 'I'll bet the train we are now figuring after is that of a private exploring party, headed for the interior of the hills. Of course, we are not going to molest them, nor provoke the Indians to anything that would bring a military chastisement upon them, for fear we might jeopardize our own precious heads."

You're a philosopher, captain, a sage philosopher, and look at thing in a natural, philosophical way; and now, I—"

He did not finish the sentence, which was

here cut short by a sudden movement of their

animals, denoting alarm.

All bent their heads and listened. They heard the heavy tramp of hoofed feet approach ing. They started to their feet and gazed about them. The sorriest, saddest-looking spectacle imaginable burst upon their view. It was an old man, with a bent form, a thin, bearded face, a sharp, eagle-shaped nose, and a wide mouth—the whole forming a combination of the most ludicrous and comical kind. He was dressed in a suit half savage and half civilized, and carried an old, long-barreled rifle, whose stock was wrapped and tied with strings evidently to keep it from parting company with its ancient friend, the barrel. He carried no other weapons, excepting a knife, that

were visible upon his person.

This odd specimen of humanity was mounted apon a horse apparently more venerable and infirm than himself. It was caparisoned with a rope around the neck for a bridle, and an old Indian blanket for a saddle. It was lame in one fore-leg, and halt in the two hind ones. It was apparently deaf and blind, and so old and infirm that it had lost all its animal instinct. It hobbled along, at times on three legs, with no little difficulty. And, to complete the outfit, a villainous-looking dog sneaked along, with head and tail down, at the horse's heels, looking as guilty as though he had just quitted a sheep

To their surprise, the outlaws saw that the old trio was about to pass without seeing them, and so Prairie Paul called out:

"Hullo, there! whither away, my gay cava-The old man started quickly, and opening

his half-closed eyes, gazed around him. The look upon his face, and the movements that accompanied it, provoked the freebooters into an outburst of laughter.

"Whoa, now!" exclaimed the old man, draw ing sharply on the rope as he caught sight of the three men.

The horse came to a dead halt, and the wolfish cur at his heels crouched sulkily down watching the outlaws suspiciously out of the orners of his bloodshot eyes.

"How do you do, old pilgrim?" shouted Prairie Paul, with a half-suppressed smile upon his

lips.
"Hey?" asked the old man, leaning slightly forward and making an ear-trumpet of his hand. "How are you, I say?" voeiferated Pirate Paul, at the top of his brazen lungs.

"A leetle louder, please," was the startling response; "eaught cold last night and my hear in's a leetle thick."

"I should think so," said Paul, in an under tone, then advancing to the old man's side, he fairly screamed in his ear, "A fine day this." "Oh, yez—yez!" stammered the old fellow, she's a good ole mare—a little thin just now. and then everybody don't call her a fine bay Some say brown, some chestnut. She is a finbay, though."

The outlaw captain swore furiously, while his two companions roared with laughter.

"This is the most hopeless case I ever run across," exclaimed Prairie Paul. "I'll make one more desperate effort. Who are you, old

'Ben Franklin Adder's my name," replied the man, with a look that implied some doubt as to whether he had heard the question aright.
"Ben Franklin Adder," repeated the outlaw should think, for I have always heard that adders were deaf. But," to the old traveler, "are you a hunter? or a scout? or what?"

Yes, oh, yes; I'm traveling up north to

"Up north to Iowa? I'll be hanged if that doesn't beat anything I ever heard for lamenta ble ignorance! I'm inclined to think, boys, that B. F. Adder's brain, as well as his hearing, i affected. Look at that horse, and that ornery looking cur, and that old rifle held together with strings. Isn't that an outfit for the plains of Dakota? Great Gehosophat! It would be a splendid subject for the artist of a comic alma nac. See here, old pilgrim, Iowa is south-east of here, not north."

"Yez—yez," stammered Adder, "my nag's awful tired and fretful, and wusser than all,

she's lame into one leg as a crow."
"The old vagrant!" blustered Captain Paul; 'the case is a hopeless one, and I'll be cussed if I am going to split my lungs trying to converse

with him. The three outlaws turned aside and sat down

Ben Franklin Adder, seeing their movement, at once dismounted, and giving his mare the freedom of the reins, turned and sat down also. The animal hobbled away a few paces and began browsing among the shrubbery, while the dog, crouching near, slept complacently with one eye open.

"Are you a hunter, old man?" one of the outlaws again ventured to ask, placing his lips near an's ears. "Me? oh, no; I've been out to Platte river on a visit to my son, Tom Jefferson Adder. Tom's

a big stock man out there, and a mighty smart boy, is that very Tom."

"Takes after his father, I presume," yelled Prairie Paul.

The old man acknowledged the compliment with a bow of the head and a smile of thanks. "He thinks you meant just what you said," remarked Jackson, in an undertone. "Any news from out on the Platte?" roared

Paul. "Oh, yez, certainly; Tom Jefferson-that's my son-got one of the finest bulls in America t'other day. He calls him the Duke of Corona tion. He's imported, is that bull-brought from Lordy, but you'd ort to see him; he's so slick a fly'd scoot right off his back. It's a fact; I see'd a bushel of dead flies and muskeeters laying on the ground whar 'Slick-sides,' as I called the bull, had stood. They'd lit on him and slid off and broke their neeks. Oh, Moses you'd ort to ride over to Tom Jefferson's som day and see that bull, strangers. And then he's some fine hoss-critters, too, that are regeler

squackers. Tom's a great feller for fine stock."
"Just like his venerable sire, again," said Paul to his comrades, at the same time pointing in a significant manner at the old mare and

"The old fellow had better be in the lunation asylum than wandering around here on the plains of Dakota in such a plight," said one of the outlaws, sympathetically

Further words were here cut short by the log starting up, with a loud bark.

The old man sprung to his feet and turning pon the dog exclaimed, savagely: Git down thar, Beamer! keep still, thar; do you want to tear something up, ye voracious

The outlaws roared with laughter at the ludicrous figure cut by the decrepit old man and his dog; but the next moment their attention was drawn aside by sight of a number of mounted Indians coming into the grove from the east, directly toward them.

CHAPTER III.

THE GREAT "EXTARMINATOR."

THE old tramp, Ben Franklin Adder, was, for the time being, forgotten by the three outaws, who directed their attention to the new omers. The savages, of whom there were six under

a young chief called Fast-foot, rode up and at once dismounted, which act was proof of itself that they were there to meet Prairie Paul by appointment. As the last of the party rode up a look of

bitter disappointment overspread the face of the outlaw captain. This, however, soon gave way to anger and indignation, and approa ing Fast-foot he demanded—speaking the In-"Where is the white chief. White Bear?"

"He is far away from here," replied the "Why has he not kept his appointment and

met me here?" "His luck has been bad. He promised to meet the pale-face captain here with the white lily that blooms in the camp of the hunters now crossing the plains in white-topped lodges that move on wheels.

"Well?" demanded the freebooter, impatiently

"He attacked the train. He sent Cunning Fox into the emigrants' lodges," continued the chief. "The Fox stole one of their horses, and then the white maiden. On the horse he fled with his prize; but the friends of the maidens pursued him, and at the Lone Tree Grove he bandoned his horse and waded the creek. Behind the Lone Tree he concealed himself to wait the approach of White Bear, who was coming down the plain. But before he reached the creek Cunning Fox was killed, and the white lily was carried back by her friends. In the ursuit White Bear's horse fell and hurt him padly. He cannot ride. He waits the orders of the young captain. He will yet keep his romise. He wants the young captain to make w appointments.'

Prairie Paul stroked his mustache fiercely. The cloud upon his face grew darker. He muttered a savage oath; then for a minute or more e paced to and fro beneath the trees, his eyes bent to the ground in deepest thought. Finally he turned to the chief and asked:

'Can I not see White Bear!' "You cannot. He is wounded, and at a lace where the presence of the white captain would arouse suspicion. If the Sioux get their annuities, they must keep on good terms with the Great Father at Washington."

Again was the prairie freebooter silent. I as evident from this conversation that a portion of the Sioux tribe was carrying on a series of depredations, in connection with the out laws, which they wished to keep secret from the main authorities of their tribe, as well as from the agents of the general government. Outlaws of civilized society have no trouble in finding plenty of followers among the savages, and the two elements of outlawry together generally manage to keep the Indians in trouble with the government.

"Have you heard," Fast-foot finally continued, "that the great general of the pale-faces, with many mounted soldiers, is coming into the reservation?"

"I have heard rumors to that effect," replied the captain, "but will the young men of the Sioux tribes allow them to escape alive with the secret of the hidden wealth of the Black Hills? soldiers go away with the news that will bring thousands and housands of miners in to drive you from your

hunting-grounds?" What else can they do?" asked the chief, se-

"Ah, Fast-foot! you can prevent it; you can destroy them all if you will. You know all the hiding-places among the hills and the rocks You could conceal yourselves there and as the coldiers pass shoot them down with your longrange rifles. Then their fine horses and equipments would be yours."

Fast-foot was silent and thoughtful. It was quite evident that he was favorable to the out aw's suggestions, and was weighing the matter n his mind. Prairie Paul knew the weak points of the savages, and usually attacked them there in such a manner as was sure to carry the day. He was a systematical rogue, deep and cunning enough to keep the "pot boiling" in the Indian camp all the time, and yet escape identity as

the general "fireman." Meanwhile, the rest of the savages and the two outlaws had turned their attention to Ben Franklin Adder. Urged on by the whites, the red-skins became rather demonstrative toward the old borderman and his animals. The mare and dog, however, were inclined to be a little cross and resentful, the former sending out a heel now and then in a very wicked manner while the latter growled a savage threat. But the simple-minded old man accepted all as one

would flattering compliments. Prairie Paul finally sat down and taking a moranda-book from his pocket tore out a leaf, upon one side of which he sketched, with a pencil, a miniature map. On the other side he vrote in cipher an explanation to the map. When it was completed he folded it carefully and, handing it to Fast-foot, said:

"Here, chief, is a document which I want you to give to White Bear. He alone can read Guard it with your life, Fast-foot, for it is the key to the Gold Hill's secret and our future

"Fast-foot will not forget," replied the young chief, and removing his moccasin he placed th paper carefully away inside of it, then replaced he covering on his foot. "Ugh!" he exclaimed, with an air of satisfaction, "safe there-nobody find him now." Then turning to his warriors he continued: "Fast-foot is mounted upon a fleet horse, and will depart at once for the lodge of White Bear. My braves can follow at will.

So saying, he advanced to where his pony was hitched, and mounting it he rode rapidly way—out of the grove and across the plain.

For a moment all eyes followed the young chief's rapid departure, but, when he had disappeared from view, attention naturally gravitated toward Ben Franklin Adder. To the surprise of all, the old vagrant had mounted his mare and was about to depart.

"Hullo there, old philosopher! are you going to leave us?" yelled the outlaw chief. "Yez—yez—going," said the old fellow, and his mare started off at a limp, and the dog took was the savage response of the ill-humored his place at her heels. freebooter.

"Hold on a moment; don't tear yourself off like a hurricane!" said the pirate.

The Indians started toward the old man, out he straightened himself up and uttered a elear, ringing laugh that fairly astonished the enemy. It even seemed to have a magical efect upon his animals. The mare raised her head, opened her eyes and sniffed the air as if with affright; while the dog pricked up his ears and barked and capered around uneasily.

"Captain," said Tom Jackson, in a quick pice, "that old vagrant has been deceiving voice, us. He is not the fool he pretends to be."
"I believe it, Tom," replied Prairie Paul;
then to the old man he continued, drawing his He is not the fool he pretends to be.

revolver: "Hold! stand! or I'll fire."
"Sc—at, Patience!' yelled the old borderman, and that instant the lameness of the mare vanished, and like a dart she shot away through the woods.

Bang! went the outlaw's revolver, and it was immediately followed by the clash of a dozen other shots. But the old man escaped them all inharmed.

"To horse, men! we've been duped?" cried Prairie Paul, vaulting into the saddle. The next moment all were mounted and thundering away in pursuit of the cunning old va-

gabond. They emerged from the woods to find the fugitive some sixty rods away, and with a yell they lashed their animals to their utmost The race became one of fearful interest, es pecially to the pursuers, for they found, after a

nile chase, that they were not gaining a foot apon the fugitive, who, ever and anon, turned is head and swinging his cap in the air, hurled back yells of defiance. And at length he came to sudden, dead halt, and facing toward the pursuers raised his rifle and fired. Prairie Paul's horse sunk dead under him, and his friends, believing he was killed himself, drew rein and went back.

The old man on the prairie uttered a vell of triumph, then away he went, reloading his ri-

fle as he galloped along. Tom Jackson dismounted and gave his horse to the infuriated captain, who, mounting, dug his roweled heels into the animal's sides and again started in wild pursuit of the enemy. But, no sooner were they all fairly under way, than the fugitive again whirled his animal toward the foe, and, raising his rifle. fired. Again Prairie Paul's horse sunk dead under him, and again the chase was interrupt ed. The outlaw's fury knew no bounds.

cursed with impotent rage; he cursed himself, his companions and the author of his rage. The second outlaw dismounted and gave up his horse to his master, when the chase was again resumed. The fugive soon put a safe distance between himself and pursuers, when, for the third time, he drew rein, faced about and fired at the foe. This time a savage uttered a frightful scream and reeling upon his horse finally rolled lifeless to the ground; while the pony, naddened by the scent of the blood, that spurted from the bullet-hole in his master's naked breast upon his withers, dashed away over the

The savages all drew rein to assist their falen friend; but Prairie Paul cared nothing for the savage, and pressed on in hot pursuit, never once thinking that he might be placing himself at the old borderman's mercy. Vengeance alone filled his wrathful breast. Before he could get his rifle reloaded and

fairly under way, the fugitive found that the outlaw-chief was within fifty yards of him. But, speaking to his mare, she shot away and

soon widened the distance between them Prairie Paul drew his revolver and banged away in rapid succession at the old fellow, but

without visible effect. The Indians and two outlaws were now far behind—even hidden from view behind a swell in the plain. Prairie Paul was the only one oursuing, and not until he saw the old man draw rein and turn toward him with uplifted rifle, did he comprehend the foolhardiness of his efforts. To make the best of a bad situation, he checked his animal and dropped himself in the tall grass at its feet. But, at the same in-

fell dead at his side. Something akin to fear now seized upon the outlaw. Quickly he sprung to his feet, expecting to see the deadly, terrible old enemy come charging back upon him; but he was happily disappointed, and his fears assumed a different feeling when he discovered the enemy calmly seated astride his mare reloading his rifle with a sang froid that was audacious. They were over fifty yards apart, and Prairie Paul would have given his right hand for one shot at the old trickster with his own trusty rifle. But alas! he had left his rifle behind, and chamber of his revolver was empty. He wa completely at the man's mercy. Judge of his

sinner shout forth in clear, ringing tones:
"Good shootin' that, wer'n't it, capting? ain't as deaf as I war, am I? I ar'n't a fool, by a long shot, be I? And Patience, my mare here, and Humility, my dog thar, are not so slouchy arter the sound facts are known, are they? Ho! ho! ho! capting; do you know what you've been foolishin' with? Do you know you've got yerself into an excrooshiatin' dee fickilty? Do you know you're in the vicinity of an yarthquake!—a tornado!—a cholera plague? I are ole Dan Rackback, I are. But take me, and Patience, my mare here, and Humility, my dog thar, and then, capting, you have ole Dakota Dan, the great Triangle—the great red-skin extarminator of the Nor'-west! We've just come up, fresh as a Johnny-jump-up, from New Mexico. But now, we're off for the Gold Hills a-boomin'; so by-by, capting," and turning his animal's head northward, old Da kota Dan galloped away over the plain in the direction taken by the young chief, Fast-foot, leaving the outlaw chief standing alone on the prairie, cursing with impotent rage.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VULTURE'S QUEST.

For several moments Prairie Paul stood mo onless upon the plain, his terrible feeling of vengeance seeking expression in words alone as he watched the author of his troubles gal loping away. He was perfectly helpless now, and completely at the mercy of the old man though the latter seemed to have no designs upon his life, but kept straight on northward, and soon disappeared behind a swell in the great ocean of grass.

The savages on horseback, and the two outlaws on foot, finally made their appearance in the distance, moving slowly. They had the dead savage in charge, consequently were unable to move faster than a walk. As soon as they saw Prairie Paul standing alone on the grassy waste, they knew he had met with another difficulty, and so the two outlaws hurried forward and joined him.

"What now, captain?" asked one of the men as they approached within speaking distance. "Why, my brave Spartans, we're a trio of was the savage response of the ill-humored "Not so bad as that, I hope."

"Yes, if any difference, worse; we've been blubbering like a pack of fools around one whom we took for a wandering lunatic, when, come to find out, we're the lunatics. That old wretch is one of the most noted and daring scouts and rangers on the western plains. That very Benjamin Franklin Adder is old Dakota Dan, and you know who and what that man is.'

'By hearsay, I do; but you must be mistaken, cap. Old Dakota Dan left the north some

four or five years ago,"
"Well, s'pose he did? couldn't he come back again after he'd killed all the fools in Texas and New Mexico? And didn't he have the audacity to set out yonder on that old crow-bait of a flying-shuttle and tell me that he was just up from New Mexico like a spring rose-

'Hounds of fury!" exclaimed Jackson, in astonishment.

"Yes, you see it's the truth—we're the fools," continued Paul. "All that deafness; all that oinage about his son's fine stock so elaborately polished off, until I could see that each of you nad a blooded horse in your mind's eye; and I daresay, those strings on that old, unerring rifle, were all salt to catch us with. And, magnificent sheepheads that we were, we played right into his hand. Of course, the conversa-tion that occurred between us and Fast-foot will be heralded to the ears of the military, and then, good-by Gold Hills! The chances are that Doc Prince, and his party, have fallen into that old scavenger's clutches, else they'd been around before this.

Well, I'm completely astonished," averred Jackson.

"Yes, and you'll be more astonished before we get through with that old prairie vagrant. Now, here we are, three pretty birds in full plumage, strutting around out here twenty niles from no place, with our wings clipped, as it were, and smarting under the blow us by that infernal outfit of deception-Dakota

You should feel thankful, captain, that he did not put a bullet through your corporosity. "That he did not is the surprise of the day. for I was completely at his mercy. But I presume he wants to use me for a fool again, was so cheap this time. But hereafter, count me poison on prairie vagrants,"

Tom Jackson and his companion laughed

neartily at their captain's savage discompture. Finally one of them asked: "Well, this won't pay; what shall we do?"
"Plod gayly back to the hills, like festive pilgrims," said Paul, sarcastically. "Shades of

Solomon! won't the boys just burst their boots a-laughing when they see us come marching into camp, afoot? But if the pill is bitter, we've got to swallow it down; so come-let's be ambling away, my gay cavaliers."

So saying, the three men began their slow march across the plain, going in the direction taken by Dakota Dan. A walk of many weary miles was before them and as they moved along they discussed the events of the day, in

They had journeyed half a dozen miles or more when the restless, roving eyes of Tom Jackson caught sight of a number of dark objects away off northward above the horizon. They were buzzards, and to the experienced plainsmen-as were the outlaws—there was a significance in the presence of the birds not to be overlooked. The three men knew that something on the plain beneath the birds attracted their attention.

"They're not flying straight, you see," said Paul, "but are rising and falling in spiral circles. Now, there is either some carrion there on the prairie, or else they are hovering along, vulture-like, upon the trail of a band of In dians or whites. If the former, it may be White Bear's band, but if the latter, it may be a party of soldiers, and the birds are following

a hopes of feasting on dead horse or—'
"If they ll just flap their somber wings down this way, they'll find the carcasses of some very fine horses already prepared, ' observed Jack-

son, facetiously, Prairie Paul's brow darkened and he growled savagely under his mustache at this reminder of

The three moved carefully forward, keeping as much as possible in the lowlands, and watching closely the movements of the vultures in And as they continued on they found the air. that the birds maintained a single position over

Other winged scavengers had appeared in the air, miles behind the outlaws, but these they knew had been attracted there by the carcasses of their slain horses, and so they experienced no uneasiness from that source they were considerably puzzled over the cause of the attraction of the birds before them, and

terrible fury when he heard the provoking old pressed onward with extreme caution. Finally they approached near enough to the vultures to see, that, whatever it was they were after, was hidden from view in the tall

The trio came to a halt and consulted as to whether it was best to advance or not. They knew not what danger awaited them in the rank grass. They noted every movement of the birds closely, and finally came to the conclusion that nothing living was there to offer them violence. The vultures, gradually settling nearer and nearer the earth, told them this much, and so they moved carefully on. Crouching in the tall grass till hidden from view, they stole noiselessly along toward the point around which the buzzards seemed to be attracted. As they neared the place their hearts beat wildly with suspense. Carefully they parted the grass before them and peered on ahead with distended eyes, as if dreading to see some horrible sight, yet led on, by some terrible fascination that they could not resist, to its dis-

The vultures discovered them in the gras and soaring aloft, winged their way off in af-

The freebooters had crept along nearly half a mile when they came to where the grass had been trodden down in paths by horses' feet. A few paces still further on they ran suddenly across the lifeless form of a savage lying in the grass with a bullet-hole in his naked, brawny breast.

A chief's insigna was upon his head. One glance at the face, already bloating in the sun, and a fearful execration burst from

Prairie Paul's lips.

He recognized the face of the dead! It was that of Fast-foot, the chief! (To be continued.)

I will give \$5 for the best original poem, on any subject, not exceeding forty lines in length, sent me before June 15th. Authors are requested to write as clearly as possible with a pen, and to pay full postage; to send their best work, and to inclose two 3-cent stamps with each contribution. Poems on Spring and kindred themes are declined in advance. The decision will be made June 20th, and the name of the successful competitor, with the title of the accepted poem, will be announced. It is suggested, as a matter of advantage to the writers, that no author send a contribution for competition within three days of its production.

Address, JOHN GOSSIP, Westerly, R. I. TO YOUNG AUTHORS.

Nick o' the Night:

THE BOY SPY OF '76. A CENTENNIAL STORY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

CHAPTER VII.

A CHANGE OF RESIDENCE. It was morning when Hugh Latimer recovered from the effects of the opiate, and left his

His sleep had been disturbed by weird dreams and his face looked pale and haggard. Th events of the night just passed—the capture of Colonel Holly, and the branding of Helen as a traitress—did not recur to him when he opened his eyes and began to collect his

His first act was the summoning of a colored

servant to his room.
"Has the colonel risen yet?"

The eyes of the black suddenly distended, and filled with a ludicrous look of incredulity. "De cunnel, massa? Why, hab you forgo ten dat de Swamp Fox done took 'im away las

The next moment Hugh Latimer's mind wa itself again, and with an exclamation of chagrin he waved the slave aside and was alone once more.

"Yes, yes!" he hissed, clenching his hands till the nails bruised the whitened palms. "That accursed Marion did ride down here last night, and rob me of my guests. He always comes like a thief in the night, for he never fights like a Christian and gentleman. To-night we were to have fallen on him in his lair; but the game is up now. What will they say o this disaster at Dorchester?" the Tory asked himself, after a brief pause. "I promised himself, after a brief pause. "I promised King that Colonel Holly should deliver the Swamp Fox into his hands. They may think that I am a rebel, sailing under false colors. must go in person to the fort, and clear my skirts of suspicion. To some the case may look dark against me, but I swear that King George can boast of no adherent more loyal to his crown than Hugh Latimer!"

He uttered a truth that none who knew him After awhile he left his chamber and hasten

ed to the eastern wing of the mansion where his knuckles rapped lightly, but with a sign of impatience, on a door. Presently he heard a step beyond the portal,

the knob of which was soon turned. "It is you, sister?" "No, it is I," answered the Tory. "Helen,

are you dressed?" He was answered by the opening of the door, and he stood face to face with Helen.

whose fair cheeks were paler than usual. She retreated involuntarily from the look he cast upon her, as he stepped across the thresh-

old, and shut the door with an angry sweep of

"I want to talk with you!" he said, and as the last word dropped from his lips he seized her arm and drew her toward him. "Helen Latimer, you have disgraced the man who has provided a shelter for your head since the days of your babyhood. You have played the role of a spy beneath the roof of Azalea; you have furnished the rebel brigands with valuable information, and last night your double dealing culminated in a new disgrace to the royal cause I ought to turn you over to the tender mercies of Colonel Balfour, or, Brutus-like, make my slaves punish you as you deserve in my pre-sence. I ourse the day that brought you into the world, spy, traitress, despoiler of the name of Latimer!

His eyes flashed like the orbs of the maddened tiger, and while the hot epithets of his last sentence fell from his lips, he shook the young girl till her teeth chattered, like those of

ague-stricken person.
'Last night!" Helen Latimer cried, when she found that she could use her tongue. did I do to bring about the surprise of Colonel Holly?

"What did you not do, you spying girl?" cried the Tory. "You communicated with that young imp of Satan, Nick o' the Night; you told him that Holly and his men were

"I dare you to the proof!" Helen answered with an air of triumph. "I did not communicate with him on the subject. He dis-"I did not communicovered the game by the assistance of one

Hugh Latimer. The Tory started, and his grip tightened on the girl's arm.

No lies, girl!" he cried, threateningly. "You shall have none," was the firm reply 'Night before last you rode from Dorchester with Captain Clayton. While in the avenue of oaks, you talked about Colonel Holly's expe dition. You were overheard.

"By whom?" he asked, with a sneer.

"By Nick o' the Night!" The next instant Helen's arm was released. 'Was that spying boy so near?" 'He might have touched you with his

"How did you learn this?"

She hesitated, and her eyes, beneath his accusing look, fell to the floor.

"Tell me!" he cried, springing forward, who told you all this?" She looked up, with a proud light in her eyes

that made him angrier than ever. "The boy himself."

"Nick o' the Night?"

"When?" "Last night." "Where?

"Sir, I am not obliged to answer inquiries

deem impertinent," she replied.
"Sir, to me?" hissed the Tory, maddened beyond control. "Sir, to your father, whose English heart is wrung by your dastardly be-trayal of the cause of his king! Helen Latimer, I could fling you against yon wall and crush out your rebellious life. But I will put an end to the rebellious plans that have been matured beneath my roof. The day of your treason has drawn to a close. I have put up with it until driven to the verge of the preci pice of ruin; I must turn and strike it down to save the honored name of Latimer. I command you not to stir from this house to-day My men will watch you-my men whom your beauty and your gold cannot bribe. Helen Latimer, I wish you slept with your mother, whose grave is unmarked because it is unknown!

The last words fell from his white lips with the sound of water dropping on red-hot steel, and his countenance was the incarnation of hate

Still it did not prevent the fair young object of his dislike from springing toward him as he turned on his heel, before the echoes of his final word had died in the room.

"My mother!" she cried; "tell me about my mother! Hugh Latimer, until this day I have never heard you speak of her. I have dreamed of her, and while I dreamed I felt gentle

head. I have longed to know of her. me how old I was when Heaven robbed me of her love?"

Her love!" hissed Hugh Latimer, turning suddenly upon the girl, who confronted him with outstretched arms. "Your mother never oved you. Helen Latimer, to the day of her death she hated you."

The young girl groanea.
"I will not believe you!" she cried. "You are torturing my heart with falsehood. But enough. If you will not tell me about her who gave me birth, you will not refuse to tell me if ever had a brother?"

The Tory started like a man suddenly acused of a crime which had in secret been com mitted.

"Who told you to ask these questions?" 10 "If you had a brother, what is it to The satisfaction of knowing it. I now know

that I had a brother. "You had!" exclaimed the Tory; "but he is as dead as Chelsea!" and with the last word he turned for the second time and shut the door in

"Nick's dream is more than a dream," He len said before Hugh Latimer's feet had ceased to sound in the corridor. "I had a brother once but he says that he is dead. Shall I believe him? He hated my mother? why, then, would

e not lie about my brother?" She walked to the couch from which she had ately risen, and threw herself upon it to brood in silence and with hidden face over the events

of the last few moments. As for the Tory, he went below, swallowed a asty breakfast, and rode from Azalea unat-

About noon he returned, and ordered the ebon hostler to saddle two horses. "Put Helen's saddle on Chestnut," he said.

hen resigned his own steed into the servant's harge and entered the mansion. Despite the Tory's efforts to remain composed

is nervousness betrayed him. He directed his steps to Helen's boudoir, the door of which he opened without ceremony, and found the young girl embroidering at the

"Helen Latimer!" She started at the sound of his voice, and he needle-work almost dropped from her hand. You are going to take a ride with me, e continued. "Ask no questions now, for vill not answer you; but put on your riding abit, and be at the block as soon as possi-

Then he disappeared, leaving the girl in a tate of bewilderment, in which she confusedly ried to guess the destination of her comin

With her mind full of conjectures, she doned a neat and somewhat costly riding abit, and met Hugh Latimer at the mounting block at the edge of the porch below. He greeted her with a smile that praised her

spatch, and without a word assisted her into the silken saddle on the back of Chestnut, her favorite horse. "Where is your mistress, Bertha?" she asked a servant, who was looking on with wondering

'We cannot wait," the Tory said, tartly You will come back by and by, and then you

will see Bertha often." A moment later Hugh Latimer spoke to his orse, and rode from the mansion with Helen w his side.

He was morose and thoughtful, and the girl, fearful of causing an outburst of passion, did not speak. She felt that the present strange journey had resulted from the Tory's morning ide, and when they crossed a certain murmun ng tributary of the Ashley, she began to believe hat Fort Dorchester was her destination.

At last, as if to confirm her belief, the British flag greeted her vision, and half an our later she entered at the sally-port, and ound herself observed and admired by the sol diers that comprised the garrison.

During the ride from Azalea she had not exchanged a single word with her conductor. But ers she unsealed her lips.
"Are you not afraid to bring me here?

might tell Marion the strength and situation of the garrison!" She spoke in a sarcastic tone, and there was

a mischievous twinkle in her dark eyes.
"Afraid? No!" said the Tory, with a triumph that, like a prisoner, suddenly burst its bonds. "Helen Latimer, until I see fit to take you back to Azalea, Fort Dorchester is to be your home. You are a prisoner under the eye of Colonel King!"

The terrible truth flashed upon Helen's mind

efore he had finished. She was a prisoner in a British fort! A moment's silence followed the Tory's last

triumphant sentence, and Helen was about to reply, when Colonel King was seen advancing

The commandant was clad in full uniform and bowed with the grace of a cavalier to the girl who could not but admire his faultless form and features.

"Here is the rebel I spoke of this morning," said the Tory, smiling. "Miss Helen Lati mer!

CHAPTER VIII.

OLD ENEMIES WILL MEET. HELEN LATIMER'S imprisonment was followed by a number of days devoid of exciting in-

It is true that the red-coats chased partisans and vice versa; but nothing worthy of notice in the lives of several of our characters oc

Helen could not complain of ill treatment at the hands of Colonel King. He was a polite officer who had a family in England, and who showed his captive many little favors because she reminded him of his own youngest daughter. Still he was quite strict, but though watched by one so kind, with argus eye, Helen

did not murmur. A rumor of Nick o' the Night's death reached Dorchester several days after the girl's de

livery over to the garrison. Colonel King at first placed no credence in the report, and Jotham Nettleton, the dragoon, laughed when he heard it. But, by-and-by circumstances gave coloring to the story which at length reached Helen Latimer's ears.

Couriers traversed the country between Orangeburg and Dorchester without molesta tion, and dispatches from Rawdon, who was concentrating his forces near Camden in the north, came through with safety. As if to confirm the reports, Colonel Holly and his men paroled by Marion returned to the old town. They declared that the boy had not been seen for five days, and the colonel said that Marion feared that a hostile bullet had terminated his

adventurous career. "If he is dead, why don't his slayer come for ward and proclaim his deed?" dragoon Nettleton would exclaim. "I tell you, boys, that I don't believe a word of it, and to prove that he is living I will agree to hunt him up and enlighten you with the truth."

At last there remained in Dorchester but two persons who refused to believe the wellsubstantiated reports of the young partisan's death.

They were Helen Latimer and the dragoon. Lancaster Wingdon, who, as the reader will ecollect, fired the shot that stretched Nick o the Night on his horse's neck, visited the for n the day that followed Helen's incarceration.

He was surprised to learn that Hugh Latimer had anticipated his own plan of carrying the young girl to the fort, for the purpose of preventing her from getting valuable informa ion to the patriots, and he was pleased to now that the Tory had taken the matter into is own hands.

He gave credence to the rumors of his riv I's death, but did not father the fatal moon

ght shot. As he came to Dorchester as Helen's lover ne did not wish her to know that he was re ponsible for the painful reports. By-and-by could come out openly and receive praise for is deadly aim. He felt certain that his bal ad wrought speedy death, and it was with difculty that he could keep his triumph from olonel King. But he was afraid to make that fficer his confidante, and so he came often to he town and fort telling no one his secret.

During these visits he did not encounter Cor

There existed a hatred between these two ersons that increased as the days waned, and olonel King looked at the young Tory's visits with much uneasiness. He feared that the two enemies would meet again, and that deadly blows would be the result. Therefore, he took care to keep Lancaster Wingdon at his headquarters during his brief sojourn at the fort, order that he might not encounter the man who he hated with all the bitterness of the hu

The corporal despised the youthful scion of the Tory house. The epithets which he had betowed burned in his heart, and he was but bidng his time

He called me coward, and for that word Ill wring his neck!" the dragoon said, time af-

He did not open the flood-gates of his wrath the commandant, but there were a few memers of the garrison who knew how he longed punish the young Tory. These were men ho did not like Lancaster Wingdon, who hey were wont to say, was too cowardly to ake up arms for the king.

Thus the reader has seen that the youth pos essed enemies who fought for King George nen who hated him for his name and social

Dragoon Nettleton was a brave man. He arew off his scarlet uniform, put aside his British sword and scoured the country in citin's dress for Nick o' the Night. He rode alone down roads frequented by Sumter's troopers, and followed Marion's daring raiders acros elds and over hills. Now and then he would ride into Dorchester where after a day's rest he vould spring into the saddle, and ride forth inent upon solving the uncertainty that hung ver Nicholas Brandon's fate.

The purport of Lancaster Wingdon's visits to orchester did not escape the corporal's pene

He saw that he came in the capacity of a lovr, and that Helen did not return the adora ion that he offered on the altar of her beauty.

"The girl don't like Tories, my young fel-low," the trooper would often say. "In the private opinion of Corporal Nettleton of the Royal Horse she thinks much of that wild boy who they say is dead. I am of a mind to constitute myself her guardian just for the purpose of kicking that young king's man, for per ecuting her with his presence.

One starlit night saw Jotham Nettleton's horse drinking in the middle of a ford. The man that filled the saddle did not resemble the dragoon.

He was clad in a countryman's shabby dress and an uncouth sand-colored beard hid much of his face. He wore a sword whose blade had been fashioned from a saw by the strong arm of some patriot smith, and a rough-looking tol stuck in a heavy leathern belt.

He looked like a partisan—a Tory—but despite his looks he was Jotham Nettleton, the ood-looking dragoon of the royal army.

Why this startling metamorphosis? Why was he alone in the middle of the Ashley, exposed to the bullet of some ally of the very ause he served? The solution of the mystery will soon be

known to the reader. The hour was late, and the disguised troop er was about to advance when he heard

pice on the bank which he had lately left. Then there was a step in the water, and Jo ham Nettleton glanced over his shoulder. He saw a horseman in the ford, and the plash-

ng of water assured the dragoon a rend "If he be a rebel I'll hob-nob with him," he murmured. "If he be a Tory I'll frighten him

ut of his wits." Unconscious, as it seemed, of the dragoon's proximity, the new-comer advanced across the stream, and all at once stopped to allow his horse to quench his thirst.

Jotham Nettleton could have touched him with his sword. He was surprised that the night rider had

not noticed him. Was he asleep in the saddle? Below the twain flowed the lucent waters of South Carolina's historic river, and the star over their heads were reflected in the bosom of the stream. The dragoon's horse saw the steed that drank near by, but did not manifest his presence

with the usual salutation—a whinney. seemed to know that his master desired silence and his look at the other horse and his rider was big with equine curiosity. Jotham Nettleton never took his eyes from the person who sat so near him in the starlight, and when he saw him gather up the reins which

had fallen on the neck of his steed he raised his right hand. The next moment the two men were together, and the trooper had jerked the other from

his saddle. 'I've made a good catch!" he cried, in tri-"It isn't every night that a patriot can secure such game. I don't want your horse,' and he struck his captive's steed with his spur and saw him gallop through the water and

down the dim bank. "You're one of the meanest Tories in these parts," the dragoon continued, holding his prisoner with a grip of iron. "Your father erves the king like a man, but you go about the country insulting the very men who crossed the ocean to stand between your dirty neck and rebel ropes. Lancaster Wingdon. I've a mind to fling you into the water and ride over

"Mercy!" gasped the young Tory, who did not recognize in the bearded face the features of his old enemy, Jotham Nettleton. "I am your prisoner. Take me down to Marion, and let me be treated as a prisoner of war." "I dispose of you, sir," was the pitiless reply.

With the last words on his lips, the dragoon arged his horse forward with a light touch of ne spurs, and a minute later they were on the "Do you see you light?" asked the trooper pointing toward a light that looked like a star. "I do. It is the lamp in my father's li-

vorthless life. I wouldn't have your coward-

your body; but I will cause you to remember

blood on my hands for the riches of Golcon-

"That is right," said Nettleton, with a smile. Did that father ever whip you?"

Lancaster Wingdon gave his captor a look of ndignation. "My back has never felt the rod," he answer-

ed, with a certain glow of pride. "Then it shall feel it!" said the dragoon. Here is a tree. I have the cords." The young Tory's face flushed at the threatned castigation, and he ground his teeth with nspeakable rage when the trooper dismount-

ng set him on the ground. "Are you really going to whip me?"
"I am. Take off your coat!"

Lancaster Wingdon hesitated, but the hand f his enemy was on his shoulder, and he sulenly obeyed the command.

Then the dragoon produced some strong cords rom an inner pocket, and bound his indignant victim to the graceful tree that grew on the

During the process of binding, not a word bassed between the twain, and the brief silence hat followed the task was painful in the ex-It was broken by Jotham Nettleton, who held

everal stout withes in his right hand. "Are you ready?" he asked his captive. Lancaster Wingdon did not reply.

A moment later the air was cut by the decending withes, which fell heavily on the oung Tory's back.

Again and again they struck the dragoon's victim, with a force that made the tender flesh quiver, and redden the skin with blood Lancaster Wingdon did not groan. He held nis indignant cheek against the tree, and grit-

ed his teeth till they threatened to burst. "There!" exclaimed the dragoon, throwing the broken withes at his feet. "I have given you a first-class trouncing. You may go home and tell old Essex Wingdon how I punished you for your impudence. Don't cross my path gain. It may not be a trouncing next time.

It was with difficulty that the young man could stand when his persecutor released him rom the tree, and the dragoon laughed to see nis exhaustion. "Good-night, Mr. Wingdon!" he said, with mock civility. "A Tory's hide is soon tanned.
I will see Nick o' the Night ere long, and I'll

ell him how I trounced you." Lancaster Wingdon gave the disguised dra goon a look of inveterate hatred and revenge, and saw him mount his horse and ride away. In after days Jotham Nettleton reaped the fruits of the seed which he sowed that night on he banks of the starlit Ashley.

When the morning dawned he came in sight of a dense wood which he boldly penetrated. He did not proceed far before he was halted by a horseman, who inquired concerning his destination.

"I want to fight with Francis Marion for liberty," he replied to the queries. "Freedom needs swords now, and I come to offer my humble but trusty weapon to the Swamp Fox."

The picket, after giving Jotham Nettleton a

ook of scrutiny, put out his hand. "I welcome you, fellow," he said. "We need a few more good swords, and your arm looks

"It can drive my sword to a red-coat's shoulders!" said the trooper. "Marion has but to try me to find me true metal."

'We'll see the General." A few moments later Jotham Nettleton of the Royal Horse found himself in one of Francis Marion's camps.

Among the patriots he acted well the role he as playing, fully aware that discovery mean By-and-by he stood face to face with Marion, whose eagle look seemed to read the very se-

CHAPTER IX

erets of his breast.

A SCENE IN MARION'S CAMP. NIGHT in the partisan camp. It was Marion's camp in the center of the lense greenwood, where we left Jotham Net-

who, as William Laurens, had enrolled himself in the patriot ranks The men were scattered throughout the little ncampment singly and in groups. Some were leaning pistols and sharpening swords, while others discussed the prospects of peace and won-

dered when their leader would call them to the saddle for another nocturnal forav Marion himself sat near a mouldering fire inserested, as it seemed, in the roasting of some empting potatoes which Congo's swarthy hands had thrust into the admixture of ashes and coals. Near him sat one of his trusty sub-lieutenants, who watched his leader's face, which in the light of the fire was a study. Careworn and haggard, it was; but now and then the dark eyes would flash with the light of battle. With his eyes wide open, Marion was thinking

of exciting times—nay, he was dreaming of the capture and the gallant chase. Over this scene a sky dark but dotted with

tars. The greenwood was one of the fortresses of American liberty, and its inmates were the heroes who could sing:

Our band is few, but true and tried. "Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the forest tree;
We know the forest round us
As seamen know the sea;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass."

Little did those gallant patriots dream that

their deeds were to go down to the "latest of time," encircled by a halo of glory such as only Immortality bestows. "Their good swords rust,
Their steeds are dust;
But their souls are with the saints, we trust."

Immortal, gallant Marion's men! A few were sleeping, but the great majority of the denizens of the camp were wide awake and engaged in the various occupations I have

Marion did not remove his gaze from the

eap of coals until Congo drew the roasted potatoes forth, and, with a smile, assured his master that they were done to a nicety Then the partisan looked at the sabaltern

vho moved forward. "I am afraid he will not come!" the General said, with anxiety manifest on his troubled countenance.

"He may not come to-night," was the reply 'but the messenger said that he would surely be here, and you know. General, that he has never failed to keep his word." "Do not think that I am going to take your

"Never!" said Marion. "I am anxious to see the boy. To tell the truth, Wolcott, he is la. I would not dirty this pure water with a power of strength to the cause of liberty in the South, and I am not surprised to learn that Lord Rawdon has sent a proclamation from Canada outlawing him."

The partisan leader was still talking when several of the soldiers started to their feet, and exclamations of surprise and joy fell from a

core of lips. "Look, General!" cried Wolcott, clutching

Marion's arm. "The boy!"

Marion turned and beheld two persons approaching his camp-fire. They were well mounted and a huge dog walked before one of the steeds.

The canine was wagging his pointed tail, and showing other signs of delight. The Swamp Fox sprung to his feet, and, car-

ing not for the sword that fell from his lap, larted forward, and seized the hands of the first rider.

"Out again, boy!" he cried. "We heard all about it yesterday. A bullet under the shoulder and through the lungs."

The chief's fervent pressure was returned, and though the face that looked down upon

him was haggard and white, it was, nevertheless, the face of Nick o' the Night! "I've had a siege of it!" replied the boy, in a voice not as strong as the old, healthy one, "but I worried it through. Once more I am in the saddle, and again I can draw for freedom the

sword almost sheathed and forever by a bullet in the back." He was dismounting while speaking and the rowd that had surrounded him scattered at a clance from Marion.

"Who did it, Nicholas?" the Huguenot asked, with great eagerness. "I told Wolcott yesterday that I longed to ask you this question."

The young partisan gritted his teeth. "It's a pity that you don't know," resumed Marion, misinterpreting Nick's silence.
"Who says I don't know?" cried the boy, with flasing eyes. "I know who shot me in the back. I never shoot a man there! Never!"

The patriots exchanged significant glances. "If he knows who shot him King George can't save the fellow," said a man to his com-

"King George! who's talking about the old imbecile in Marion's camp?" cried a stalwart Carolinian, turning suddenly upon the speaker. Oh! it's you, Mr. Laurens," he continued, seeng that the speaker was the new recruit—the lisguised dragoon. "When we talk about King George, it is in derision. He save the fel-low who shot Nick o' the Night! There's no salvation in the old crown-wearer; there's nuch in the swords we have drawn in the wamps and woods of the Santee!"

The new recruit's gaze fell abashed before the eyes of the giant and he felt that he had spoken too hastily. 'True!" he said. "We'll try to teach King

George a lesson." Then his gaze returned to Nick o' the Night, o learn whose fate he had boldly entered the aws of death.

"Look at that dog!" suddenly cried a parti-n. "He's counting the band to see if anybody's missing. His remarks, which called forth a laugh, eaused a number of soldiers to watch the move-

ments of Whig, who seemed to be counting the patriot ranks. He would hasten from one soldier to the other, casting a look into the face of each, and supplement the recognition by a wagging of his

Jotham Nettleton, or William Laurens, as he was called in the camp, tried to avoid the sagacious canine. He did not push forward for inspection; on the contrary, he drew back as if to avoid the novel inspector.

But the animal did not intend that he should He snuffed the dragoon through the ranks of nen that hid him from view, and made an effort to get to him.

"Let the inspector-general through," cried one of the partisans. "He wants to count Laurens, our new recruit." The ranks parted, and the next moment the canine, with bristles up and fiery eyes, con-fronted the dragoon, who, in self-defense, had

turned at the first growl! "Don't run, Laurens!" shouted half a dozen voices whose owners saw the trooper's face pale suddenly. "Stand up to the dog. He wants suddenly. You'll be as thick as to become acquainted.

two Tories after a while! But the man thus suddenly brought to bay did not relish such a process of introduction. He looked at the dog whose growls were short and savage, and then glanced half-imploringly at the amused spectators.

A minute had not passed since the opening of the patriot ranks, and the stirring tableau was suddenly broken by an action almost wholly unlooked for. The furious dog crouched suddenly like the

North American panther, and several partisans divining his intentions, sprung forward to He sprung up and forward with a short, sharp growl of rage, and alighted on the dra-

Man and beast went to the ground together, the dog uppermost. A cry of horror rose from the throats of the startled spectators, a number of whom leaped

forward to wrench the maddened animal from his victim. It was the work of a moment for several pairs of hands to tear the dog from the prostrate yet struggling dragoon, and when Whig was hurled back and held by strong men, there

was a great patch of sandy hair in his mouth! The new recruit was helped to his feet, and there was a cry of astonishment in the camp. The sandy beard was gone, and Jotham Nettleton stood revealed in his decidedly English cast of countenance.

"A spy! a spy!" was the cry that swelled in Marion's camp. "Whig has revealed one of King George's men!" Jotham Nettleton could not fly. The stern patriots hemmed him in on every side, and fully twenty pistols and sabers flashed in his

"Where's the spy?" cried the voice of a little man who bounded among the clamorous partisans like a rocket.

It was Marion, and the ranks parted to admit im to the presence of the unmasked dragoon. But the partisan chief was not alone. the Night was by his side, and when his eyes ell upon the new recruit he exclaimed: "Jotham Nettleton of the Royal Horse!"

"Who?" asked Marion, refusing to credit the

vidence of his ears. "An English trooper in our camp as a spy? By the soul of liberty! he shall not escape to tell the tale. The little Huguenot's sword was drawn, and, with clamors for the spy's death floating star-

ward, he sprung at him with an ejaculation of

"Step!" said Nick o' the Night, suddenly seizing the General's shoulder. one word!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 322.)



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Sunshine Papers.

Observations --- Funereally.

"YES, Clara, I am home, and very tired am, too. But I enjoyed myself very much, my dear; and, really, if we were to have a funeral next week, I think I could surpass this Trelawney affair without a great deal of extra expense, which is very comforting, you know; for if there is any one thing that is pleasing, it is to show people how things ought to be done. Not that I believe in making a parade on such occasions, not at all; and if your poor, dear pa died to-morrow, I am sure I should sufficiently control my feelings to insist upon having no parade made. But I do hope I should have my arrangements in a little better taste than the Trelawneys'. Only think, Clara, of but fifteen carriages! Why, I would have twentyfive, at least, if I had to do as plenty of other people do—appropriate one carriage to each flower-piece, and only put two persons in a And very inferior crape and ribbon it was upon the door, as rich as they are, and such a stylish girl as she was. I would have had the most expensive that money could have bought. Ah! well, the disposition of some people will betray itself, even on such solemn

"Many there? Yes, the parlors were crowded; but, instead of having them darkened, and the pictures shrouded with crape, and the gas lighted, they had the sunshine streaming in and everything as natural and cheerful in the rooms as if one had only dropped in to make a call. And the coffin, Clara, was so plain-rosewood of course, but hardly any silver about it; just the simplest plate, with 'Helen Trelawney, aged twenty-two,' upon it. Now, you may tell me you know that she was only twentytwo, but you must not expect me to believe it Why, you are twenty your next birthday—do not mention it! Certainly not, only between ourselves—and Helen Trelawney was almost old enough to be your mother. Twenty-two, indeed! That girl was nearer twenty-six, if I

knew anything of ages.
"But she did look divinely, my love; I must say that. Her hair was curled so sweetly, and she had a blue silk cuirass on that was literally covered with white silk embroidery-I told you they would never bury her in that new suit; but I must say I think it was execrable taste to put blue colored flowers at her throat and around her; only to think of scarlet and creamy carnations in a coffin; though I heard some one say it was done to please Fred Mars ton, who was almost wild over her death. the other flowers-I hope we should have had a finer show if it had been an affair of ours Only three wreaths, two pillows, a broken column, two harps, three crowns, five anchors, and seven crosses, and I am quite sure as to the numbers, for I counted expressly to tell you.

"And I was glad I decided to wear my nev diamond drops, for Mrs. Jewels was there with her clusters; quite passe hers are now, too, you And it was very shocking the way some of the people were dressed; as if they had entirely forgotten that it was a house of mourn-

ing.
"Oh! I must tell you, Clara, how I met Mrs. Daniels, Mrs. Marston's sister-in-law, and that she asked me to go up-stairs with her. Such a quiet set as the mourners were; they hardly cried at all; and I suppose Mrs. Trelawney girls did not care much, as Helen was only their step-sister; and, I tell you, Belle kept he eyes on Fred Marston, and he isn't so near dy ing of grief for Helen that he was not very attentive to Belle. Well, the rooms up there were furnished nicely enough, though they had bureaus instead of dressing-cases, so the furniture cannot be so very new; and there was a lovely toilet-set of blue silk and white lace that I took a good look at so that you can make one like it for our best room.

"Did Mrs. Trelawney put on mourning? Yes, the very deepest, and no wonder; I have no doubt she is rather glad at heart to have a chance to wear it, she looks so young and fair -such plump, blonde people generally do. And, no doubt, Mrs. Trelawney is thinking, too, there is a chance for her girls to step into Helen's shoes in more ways than one Helen always had elegant clothes, and they will just fit Annie when she leaves off black, in Mrs. Trelawney will not neglect to secure such us any more, I stumbled over a pile of ket an excellent catch as Fred Marston for Belle. tles in getting out of the way, but I got out. Oh! how frightfully she appeared with crape

to the cemetery, and with whom should I get and the mistake he made in not being born into a carriage but Mrs. Bascombe! Such a de- in some sunnier clime, especially when that floo lightful chat as we had! She told me all about is upholstered with crooked tacks which have Emma's spring suit and her own, and I am been drawn from the carpet; this I did, but I sure they are not as elegant as ours. And did not rest there. I got up and shook myself Emma is going to give a tableau party, and deand there was a shower of tacks for a minute. sires you to take part, and she is so glad the Trelawney family have gone into mourning so full of clothes-brush, stove-brush, pot-hook, and that she will not have to ask them to perform. a broken paper of nails, and mashed into a box And Mrs. Bascombe quite agreed with me that | full of old tin cans and bottles, it caused me to people should not seek to make too much jar my wife's grandfather's portrait in conti- Ten Cents.

their arrangements.
"Where is my novel? I'll read a little; it will rest me. Look in the fashion journal for patterns for your organdy suits. Surely, Clara, you forget that I have just come from a funeral, and that it would be scareely proper to devote my mind to such frivolities before din-A Parson's Daughter.

TROUBLED WATERS.

How much trouble there is in this world if we only come to think of it. I wouldn't advise you to make a thorough study of it; but, ometimes, one cannot help thinking over these ultitudinous troubles—real or imaginarythat beset human nature until one is almost empted to exclaim, with Widow Bedott, We're all poor critters."

Notice the great amount of space, in some f the papers, given to fond belles and beaux who pour forth their wails and sorrows into the too willing ears of the editors. To read some of these intensely interesting (?) missives one would think it were a fearful and terrible affair to be in love, when it causes folks to flounder so much in troubled waters. For my part, I do not see how the goodly editors contrive to still the tempest or pour oil on the troubled

I do truly and verily suppose that when Johnny and Mollie have had a "flare up," and Billy and Susie have "had words" with each other, they think themselves deserted, their spirits seem crushed, and they feel as though they would like to pine away and fill an early grave. Yes, they seem as much lost at sea as a mariner would on a sinking ship. But the good editors appear to throw them out a rope and

Perhaps I am making light of too serious a subject, but some of these lovers' quarrels seem so absurd and ridiculous that one cannot help laughing. If I were to say that love was all an absurdity, or that there was a deal of absurdity in love, I'm afraid some of my readers would want to box my ears, call me an old maid (I wouldn't mind that) and cause one morebeing to wallow in troubled waters.

Lots and lots of the troubles that beset many are brought upon them by themselves because they couldn't curb their passions and restrain their tempers. A little phosphorus is often-times capable of creating a great conflagration, and it generally takes more water to quench the same than it took phosphorus to light it.

Look at our divorce courts-it's not a very enlivening picture to draw your attention to by the way—what a sea of contention they pre-sent! People who vowed they would be all that mortal man or woman could be to each other-who thought no trial too hard, no sacri fice too great, and no journey too irksome if they could gain the love of another; but now to see them doing all they can to sever the tie.
They are battling in troubled waters, and those waters are muddy and dirty. In our grand-fathers' days, though you may think they were "old fogies," there were fewer divorces, thank Heaven! Ah, me! what would some of those who have lain in the grave eighty odd years, say and do at the proceedings of the present day, could we re-materialize them? I imagine they would want to return to their graves as soon as possible for fear of contamination.

Isn't it singular that persons will jump into

hot water, and then complain because they get a scalding?

It troubles many persons because they are not as wealty or as handsome as others—because they cannot dress as well or give as costly presents. It preys upon them like a nightmare and causes them a deal of annoyance, in their waking hours. They groan over these trifling annoyances as though they had lost a fortune, and they forget all the while that there is real trouble all around and about us—trouble that is deep and quick—such trouble as causes aching hearts and weeping eyes—trouble that would be too much for human beings to bear did not the good Lord give them strength to live

arough it. Many who have such troubles are more apt to bear their burdens with firmness than thos whose worriments are trifling. We may think them cold and marble-like, and yet their very calmness and silence may only be submission to Higher Power. They know that, though the storm is raging and the waters troubled, God will, in His own good time, send them comfort and happiness.

When your griefs are petty, think of those whose trials are greater, and you will soon forget your own in endeavoring to assuage theirs. Drown vour own troubles in the troubled waters and you will feel happier, wiser, and EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers. Moving.

Or course we had to move this spring. My wife wanted to be fashionable, and we moved

with the rest of the city. I was moved to object, but she moved that I keep silent. Not wishing to give her any of-fense I set in to pulling up carpet. She had a house picked out in a more desirable locality

and already secured. In a few hours that house looked like a whirlwind had gone through it and had stayed there long enough to have a little fun of its own.

The harvest of fun which I reaped from all that confusion you could put in your vest-

I fell down-stairs with a stand; together w rolled to the foot, and then that stand got on to me and stamped me with four legs, and the drawer jumped out and struck me over the eve I got up mad and fought that stand until there was just enough of it left for my wife, who came up running, to grab and make after me with. I put a little tincture of arnica on my bruises, and took down a stove. The pipe fel out and took me over the head. Two feet came out from under the stove, but one o And, no doubt, Mrs. Trelawney is thinking, too, that now Mr. Trelawney's only child is out of fell on one of its own doors and broke it; it had no business to do that. My wife wanted to know if I was breaking up housekeeping in earnest. I was mad and told her that I fellike Marius among the ruins of Carthage, which, I must say, she looks very pretty. And felt almost like I did not want anybody to Mari

It takes a man of cool judgment and un swerving equanimity of temper to sit down or "Mrs. Daniels quite insisted that I should go the floor to meditate over the miseries of life

When I found my new silk plug-hat stuffed

show of funerals, but that the Trelawneys might have had a little more taste in regard to it fell on my head, and went over it like a yoke. I hadn't imagined I could go so completely the contest of the

through the fine arts so quickly.

My best Sunday coat I noticed was wrapped around some dishes and stuffed in the clothesbasket, but I had my revenge, for in carrying the basket out I tramped on the cat—which seems only to live for that purpose—and dropped the basket, and thereby saved the hired girl a good month's work in breaking dishes.

It was impossible for me to tell where so many old boots and old shoes came from as I saw stuck in a barrel along with my best pants and shirts, with the coal-oil can on top to keep them down; and when I took the lamp off the table in carrying a feather-bed I was so mad that I couldn't hold myself, but my wife grabbed me and held me for awhile lest I might damge something else.

In taking down a bed the rails both came out, and one fell on my foot, and then the head board fell over on me and raised such a bump on my head that it was hard to tell which was

I didn't care so much for the drayman running against me with his arms full of bed-slats, but I had the looking-glass, and in a second it was nothing but an empty frame, and that made me so mad that after I had kicked him I vowed I would never have a mirror about the house, unless it was made of sheet-iron.

It was unfortunate that all the drawers of the bureau fell out as we were getting it down the steps, after taking the looking-glass off of by the top of the door. I felt so sorry over t that I let go, and the bureau went over on the drayman and they went down the steps together, but the bureau was the best man, for it stayed on the top all the way. I thought at the time that if the drayman had not been under it the bureau would have been seriously injured on the stone steps; so is it that even acidents turn to something good.

When I heard a dreadful racket up-stairs, and ran up, I found my wife trying her best to get her foot out from under a dressing-bureau that had tilted over while she was trying to get the carpet out from under it. I wanted to smash the bureau up, but she wouldn't let me. I found that it had injured her temper a good deal more than her foot.

Then the drayman succeeded admirably in distributing furniture and other things at regilar intervals along the street, and sometime they would go so far as to stop and pick them up; and what things I didn't happen to break

The next time my wife talks of a move I will not second it, but divide the furniture and stay -unless the landlord gets too anxious for his money. If I should have to move I would rather hire another family to move, in my place. Yours movingly,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

ONE of the most notable novels of the season is Mrs. M. V. Victor's "Passing the Portals; or, a Girl's Struggle," just published by Carleton & Co., New York. It is not only beautiful and enticing as a story, but adds an exciting and instructive interest in the "struggle" which an orthodox New England girl has with the new faith that science is forcing upon us under the guise of evolution, natural tion, self-generation, etc., etc. The clear-headed, strong-souled girl passes through very deep waters, and from a heart and soul experience that touches the deepest deeps of woman nature, she enters upon a faith so restful and sweet. that heaven seems not far off from the life we daily live. To all it will be a most delightful book to read, while to those seeking to solve the momentous problem of the Hereafter it will be a very precious volume indeed. It is printed with exquisite taste. A large sale of course awaits it.

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Topics of the Time.

-Old Mr. Perkins has grown sick and wearied with hearing his grand-children incessantly talk-ng about the coming glories of the Philadelphia show; but he succeeded in silencing them for a ne the other day by remarking querulously "Ay, ay, ye may say what ye please about yer Sintinyals, but ye can't make 'em what they used to be in my young days," and he turned off the gas and shuffled away to bed in the dark.

—The proprietor of the Oakland (Cal.) Trotting Park has a spaniel dog that is a great lover of horse races. The moment the bell on the judges' stand rings up the horses, Carlo mounts the balcony of a hotel opposite, which commands a full view of the track. He watches the race with interest, and if it is closely contested barks vociferously as the horses pass under the string. When the heat is ended he runs down and takes a look at the horses and is patted by the turftes. a look at the horses, and is petted by the turfites but starts back the moment the bell rings.

but starts back the moment the bell rings.

—The two persons concerned in a recent St. Louis tragedy were not high in the social scale. May Dean was a chambermaid and William Cooper a gardener, and they were employed in the same family. May was young and handsome, and William naturally fell in love with her; but he was neither young nor handsome, and naturally she did not reciprocate his passion. Year after year he stubbornly pressed his suit, encouraged by the fact that she had no other lover, and possibly relying on some such teaching as, "If at once you don't succeed, try, try again." A few days ago she decided that she would bear his bother no longer, and she transferred her services to a family in another part of the city. He then put a loaded revolver into his pocket, called upon her, and gave her a choice between promising to marry him or dying. She refused to promise, and tried by flight to avoid the alternative, but he shot her fatally and then killed himself.

—The Assize Court of the Seine is about to try a mysterious case. The prisoner is named Gervais, and is a working mason, who lived in a pretty house with a garden attached, called a villa, at Garenne, near St. Germain. It was his freehold, and his neighbors wondered where he could have got the money to purchase it. Three years ago, he being a widower, a widow named Bonnerue hired half his house and set up a toy shop in the front parlor. They soon lived together as man and wife. Some months since she disappeared, and Gervals said that she had gone home to her friends in Alsace. Two months later he married a girl of nineteen and brought her home. The chit-chat of the neighborhood led to a search of the house, and the corpse of Madame Bonnerue was found buried in the cellar. -The Assize Court of the Seine is about to led to a search of the house, and the corpse of Madame Bonnerue was found buried in the cellar. Gervais confessed to taking her property, and selling her parrot for fifty francs, but alleged that she died suddenly, and that he concealed the body for fear of being suspected. The autopsy discovers no trace of violence or poison.

-The steamer Crocus has landed eight hun dred and fifty Chinamen in San Francisco. Or the passage they were horribly ill-tr. d. The captain of the vessel, when questioned, churlish ly remarked that "strict discipline" had been enforced. He said: "The fellows would be con-tinually coming on deck, and wouldn't go be-low when ordered. So to make them go with low when ordered. So to make them go without too much violence I got some long pokers
made, which I kept in the furnace red-hot all
the time. It operated to a charm. When the
Chinamen would get obstreperous all I had to
do was to order out my poker men, when they
would scamper below very quickly. I did not
have to touch the same one twice, I can tell
you." The captain laughed, says the reporter,
as though remembering some ludicrous incident.
The Chinamen thus kept crowded beneath the as though remembering some ludicrous incident. The Chinamen thus kept crowded beneath the decks must have suffered terribly, and upon that point the captain said: "Most of the trouble we had on the trip was when the fellows were below. I turned hot water on them once or twice, but generally all that was necessary was to fire a revolver over their heads. They are a cowardly set, and are heartly afraid of a revolver." The prejudice against Chinamen is so strong in California that the captain's brutality is not censured there. not censured there.

The record for the running high jump has been changed materially. Hitherto it has been five feet eleven inches, which has been cleared by a professional and two amateurs; now Mr. M. J. Brooks, of the Oxford University Athletic Club, has cleared six feet two and one-half inches. In a contest for the challenge cup a few days later, on ground rendered unfavorable by rain, he cleared six feet.

—In the old town of Guilford, Ct., recently, one hundred and forty-three women, the oldest eighty-four years, cleared the village green with rakes. No men were allowed to help, and all men who were found on the green were fined. At noon all marched to Music Hall, to music of fife and drum, and ate a collation. In the afternoon they marched back, dug holes, and planted a Centennial oak tree. ed a Centennial oak tree.

The arrangements for the convenience of the spectators at the Yale-Harvard regatta at Springspectators at the Yale-Harvard regatta at Spring-field are rapidly approaching completion. A grand stand, to accommodate about 3,000, will be erected by the city authorities. They will also furuish a steam yacht to accompany the crews over the course and carry the referee. The regatta committee will consist of two men, one from each college, and will act in connection with the city authorities.

The Connecticut river must have been an immense stream during the melting of the great glacier which formerly overspread Southern New England. According to Professor Dana's latest investigations on the geology and physical history of this region, the Connecticut was, at hat period, a river one hundred and fifty feet or pward in depth between Middletown, Ct., and pringfield, Mass., with an average breadth of iteen miles from Hartford to Turner's Falls. n the supplementary number of Silliman's Jour-al for December, Professor Dana says that the auses of this almost lake-like condition over his region can be explained only by assump-ions, and he will not undertake their explana-

-A bucolic Michigan lady sends this note to the Chicago Tribune: "Are the ball-room dresses illustrated in fashion papers correct repesentations of the same as worn by ladies at-ending balls, etc., in our cities? If so, how do hose not endowed by kind nature with the correct form, you know, manage to keep up their and of the fashion lever? Do they have 'busts' made to order, painted, grooved and warranted to fit. And why is it (if a fact) that respectable ladies, while attending balls, parties, etc., are licensed to exhibit themselves there halfnaked, when, if they should present themselves in the same shape in ordinary society, they would be classed among the demi-monde? I ask for information, as I do not move in the 'higher circles,' and am not posted."

-The death is reported from Zurich of a man —The death is reported from Zurich of a man who may fairly claim to have set the most remarkable example of self-inflicted penance on record. His name was Amstein. Thirty years ago he fell in love, and like most lovers, got jealous. One day, while under the sway of the green eyed monster, he said something disparaging about his sweetheart. The offended beauty resolved to punish him, and Amstein, to regain her favors, was forced to swear that he would er favors, was forced to swear that he would ther layors, was forced to swear that he would not speak another word for the next twelve-month. But before the year of silence expired the young lady suddenly died, and Amstein not being relieved from his oath by the lips of his sweetheart, vowed to remain dumb until he rejoined her in the next world. And he kept his word. For thirty years he was a limit of the layor of the state of the sta is word. For thirty years he was never heard pospeak, and he died mute to all around him. Let us hope this singular case will be a warning to all lovers. On the one hand it should teach all jealous swains to be more careful with their tongue; and, on the other, offended shepherdesses to be less cruel in their punishments.

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "Haunted Villa;" "Glennie Glendora;" "A Reminiscence;" "Spring;" "How He Won Her;" "Family Pride;" "Annabel Gray;" "The Silver Poplar;" "Mischief Making;" "Cheering Thoughts."

Accepted: "Spring Song;" "Forget Me;" "The Woodland Grave:" "Learning Through Tears;" "A Month's Wages;" "Alice King's Inheritance;" "Daisy May's Love Story." "

Authors should carefully arrange Ms. pages in their proper order for reading—tearing each page, as written, from the sheets, and giving the folio (paging) in clear figures. Carelessness in these matters often consigns an otherwise acceptable Ms. to the declined list.

STUDENT. We know of no party going to Pales tine who want a man servant. Inquire among the preachers. Call upon Dr. Scudder, for instance.

ADAM B. Sorry you have been foolish enough to remit money to parties who are strangers to you. We cannot vouch, of course, for the integrity of any advertiser. Put the matter in the hands of the police of Philadelphia.

Wax Flowers. It is theft to take "on the sly" what is not yours; and as the flower has been refused to you, it would be designed theft on your part to take it. A little more schooling would help your composition. Your penmanship is quite fair. MARY ELLA. There is no impropriety in a "gentle-nan caller" tendering a lady " a bouquet " or " a ox of bon-bons," nor in the lady's acceptation of uch a kindly token of remembrance and desire to

M. D. The University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, re believe, offers the *cheapest* tuiton in medicine of ny college in America. Send for its catalogue, there colleges offer chances to work—as at Cornell University. Send for its catalogue. Tuition there

GERTRUDE, New Castle. The poem we must decherred by New Castle. The peer we must de-line. Judging by what you submit, we should say you cannot earn anything in writing for the papers. Your matter is quite crude. There is now too much competition in popular literature for any to succeed out those best qualified by special talent and edu-ation. Answered by postal card in regard to the

KATE. Your friend has good reason for not visiting or calling, we should say. No lady cares to free her company on others. If you still regard her highly, call at her home as usual and do not ask or expect her to return the visit. Do not let others interrupt associations that have been so agreeable, and which may yet be to you both a source of so much pleasure.

ERNEST EGREMONT. There is no law that prevents cousins from marrying. The relationship of second cousin is really so remote as to be inappreciable in blood. Like temperaments never should wed, whether related or not. Sickly or defective children come not from wedding of cousins or nieces, but from the marriage of those alike. First cousins, if unlike in temperament, are perfectly qualified to wed.

DUKE WHITE. To get rid of freckles, buy a quarter of a pound of the best Spanish oil soap, or olive soap, and scrape it finely into a pint of soft, boiling water. Stir until completely dissolved, then let it cool, and add one pint of rectified spirits of wine, and a quarter of an ounce of oil of rosemary, and mix well. Get all your articles of a good druggist. Your chirography is good enough.

Mary L. There is an old-time reverence for combinations of three which gives singular force to the conjunction of that number. The Three Graces, the Three Twins, the Three Beauties, the Three Twins, the three Beauties, the Three threes which make the talismanic number of nine, etc., etc. Therefore the same dream dreamed thrice is said by the seers to be sure to come true. If your friend has dreamed three times of the meeting, it will remain for you not to thwart the happy train of circumstances which will make it all a reality. You can make "the dream come true," if you desire it.

DELOS N. E. Don't think of "studying law" un-DELOS N. E. Don't think of "studying law" unless you have special fitness for the profession, viz:

—a talent for speaking—a clear, logical mind—a retentive memory—unbounded industry—tenacity of
purpose—patience and good temper—courage, and
finally an honest heart. Few men, indeed, have
these qualifications, but every eminent lawyer
muss have them as a prerequisite to eminence. The
profession now-a-days is literally swarming with
scamps and third-rate men. Not one lawyer in ten
is fully worthy of the calling,

CHARLES H. The "Hippodrome" in New York seats about 20,000 persons, but was divided in halves for the Moody and Sankey meetings. No church in America comfortably seats 5,000 people. Dr. Hall's 5th avenue church seats but 2,000, and is really a very large audience-room. The capacity of Plymouth church, well stuffed, is about 2,800. Talmage's "Tabernacle" will, it is said, hold about one-quarter more. St. Paul's, in London, has a standing capacity of 35,000; St. Paul's, at Rome, 32,000; Milan cathedral, 37,000; St. Peter's, at Rome, 54,000; Notre Dame, at Paris, 21,000.

Joe Brandric, Pittsfield. Write as follows: PITTSFIELD, ILL Mr. Joseph Brandric presents his compliments to Miss Mason, and begs to know

onor of escorting her to the Silvercrest Soiree on uesday evening, July 18.

July 11, 1876.

Tuesday evening, July 18.

July 11, 1878.

PEARL, Plymouth, Ohio. Our "opinion of young ladies who correspond with young gentlemen of whom they know nothing except their names," is not a high one. We should say the girls violated the proprieties and sacrificed their lady-like dignity; such an act cheapens one's self, and young ladies should do anything rather than do that. As for the "gentlemen," we can assure you that even if they be highly reputable, and merely engage in the correspondence for pastime, they will never think very well of the girls who hold themselves so lightly approachable.—"A lady has a gentleman caller on Sunday afternoon, when lady-friend Number One calls to accompany her to church. Before starting, lady-friend Number Two calls for the same purpose. Number one and Number Two are both intimate with the hostess, but at enmity with each other. Would it be proper for Number Two to treat Number One with great scorn? What should the hostess do under the circumstances—accompany Number One and the gentleman, who have never met before, to church, or remain at home with Number Two, who retuses to go with the others." Number One and Two, when meeting in the presence of a third party and mutual friend, should treat each other with lady-like courtesy, concealing sedulously any display of bitterness. The hostess should accompany Number One and the gentleman to church, gracefully excusing herself to Number Two, when that lady refuses to make one of the party—With a small camel's hair brush, moistened in glycerine, apply powdered niter (saltpeter) to the freekles, carefully, every night. Or take a pint of blue skim-milk and slice into it as much cucumber as it will cover. Let it stand an hour and then bathe face, arms and hands in it, washing off with fair water when the cucumber extract is dry. Moles should be touched cautiously but repeatedly with lunar caustic.

"Manuel." Once a day wash your hands, for five minutes, in a basin half-full of fine white sand

"MANUEL." Once a day wash your hands, for five minutes, in a basin half-full of fine white sand and soap-suds as hot as you can bear, brushing and rubbing them in the sand. Flint sand, or white Rinse the hands in warm lather of fine soap, and after drying them rub with dry bran or corn-meal; then dust and rub cold cream well into the skin. Before this treatment, remove ink and vegetable stains with acid, and afterward apply oil or cream to those spots. Always, when washing the hands, have a bottle of sweet olive oil, or equally mixed glycerine and rose-water, standing by; after cleansing the hands make upon them a lather of soap, to which add a few drops of the oil or glycerine, and, after rubbing in well, wipe without russing. If the hands are never washed without following this simple rule you will be surprised at their softness and whiteness.—You can only turn dark hair lighter by bleaching processes which we prefer not to describe, as they are very injurious to skin and hair.

M. B. T., Flors, Ill., says: "I have been keeping

M. B. T., Flora, Ill., says: "I have been keeping company with a young man, and think very well of him. Do you think there would be any harm in me marrying him as he is a doctor? He has told me of his love and does not think that I love him. How am I to convince him that I do?"—We cannot see why there should be any harm in your marrying a doctor. If you really love him he will soon become convinced of it through your unchanging kindness, unselfishness, and devotion.

HELEN D. If you think the gentleman really cares for you, you should gradually cease your frequent visits to his home, and show him by cool but courteous demeanor that you are indifferent to hi affection and desire to avoid encouragement of it.

L. J. O., (Akron, Ohio.) It is very nearly 3,000 miles from New York to Liverpool.—Walnut-bark, or the outer shells of black-walnuts, are used for yellow dye, with alum added to set the color; and madder is used to dye red.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

BY EBEN E REXFORD.

Here grew a wood-anemone; he broke it from its slender stalk;
"Take it," he said, "and keep for me, in memory of this happy walk."

Upon this hillock, fringed with brown, they sat awhile to talk and rest, And watch the radiant sun go down its golden path-way in the west.

A bird sung in its uest of flowers, "The white-winged bird of love," he said, "Sings sometimes in these hearts of ours, God pity those whose bird is dead."

And then a strain of melody rung through and through her happy heart.

So full it was of joy and love, its echo never can depart and the strain of the strai

Here on this bank of emerald moss grew violets blue as sapphires are,
So thick she could not note the loss of those he put
into her hair.

They saw the squirrels glancing out from screening leaves where acorns grew,
And heard their chatter all about; old sights and sounds, yet always new.

They stopped beside the little stream and saw their faces side by side
From out the dimpled waters gleam; "Your face," said he, "and mine, my bride."

And then-what saw they in the brook? two pairs of lips, but one caress!
She spied a roguish robin look, with laughing wonder, from her nest.

And here, beneath this old, old tree, he whispered words that thrilled her through
Like deep, bewitching melody—forever old, forever new.

And what she answered you may guess, I know he did not ask again,
But gave her cheek a shy caress, and whispered "In
the autumn—then!"

And when the wheat fields turned to gold he called her by the name of wife;
The tenderest name that words can hold, the sweetest cadence of a life.

The years have come and gone away, with gloom and sunshine, joy and loss; Some shadow mars the brightest day, and every heart must have its cross.

So in their heart some hopes have sprung that never grew to perfect flowers,
But white-winged birds of love have sung through summer days and autumn hours.

Thank God for all the hopes fulfilled. Thank God for life, and love, and health, And all the blessings that have filled their hearts with life's unreckoned wealth.

The Men of '76. MOULTRIE.

The Palmetto Defender.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

THE South has no name more honored than that of William Moultrie, nor had the country, in its time of most dread trial, a truer lover or more skillful defender.

Moultrie, born in the year 1731, of Scotch ancestry, saw no military service until the Cherokee war of 1761. There, as captain of volunteers, he participated in the battle of Etchoe, where white and red men mingled in terrible conflict, and Moultrie's lieutenant, Francis Marion, led the forlorn hope that opened the fight and displayed the enemy's position. The heroism of all, in this fierce combat, won a mastering victory.

The Indian campaigns schooled Sumter, Moultrie, Marion, Huger, Pickens and others, who afterward became noted as patriots, and did much to inspire the colony with that self-reliance which is the assurance of liberty. When the struggle with Great Britain came, South Carolina looked to her sons, trained in the Indian wars, for leaders, and found in Moultrie one of the men to lean upon. Then a well-to-do planter in the parish of St. Helena, he was elected to the Provisional Congress in 1775, and gave his voice, in that most important assembly, for freedom from the mother country.

Returning home, at the first menace of danger to Charleston, he was commissioned colonel, and proceeded at once to action by seizing all the king's stores, arms and ma by which to obtain the necessary material of war. With guns thus obtained, he planted a battery on Haddrill's Point, which opening on two British sloops of war that menaced the city, drove them off. Then he seized Johnson's Island and its fort, abandoned by the Englis garrison in anticipation of his assault. step made the harbor temporarily safe, but the spirit of war, now fully aroused, rendered vaster preparations for defense necessary.

of the committee of Public Safety, he counseled the fortification of Sullivan's Island, and, sustained by Governor Rutledge, he proceeded to fortify that spot, commanding main channel to the harbor. This fortification was rude enough—simply a breastwork of palmetto logs and sand, with embrasures. It was completed in March (1776), and slowly equipped with about thirty guns, and secured powder enough for a six hours' fight if carefully

General Charles Lee, having been sent by Congress to take charge of operations at that most important point, greatly disapproved of this fortification, anticipating that with common sense generalship, the British ships would run by the batteries and put Charleston at once under fire; but the governor forbade Moultrie to take orders from Lee; the troops there were South Carolina militia, and as such only amenable to State authority. So Moultrie prepared for the fleet, which came down on the fortification June 28th, under Admiral Sir Peter Parker. It numbered two fifty gun ships, four and about a dozen smaller vessels, with a bomb-ketch, all splendidly armed for the work in hand—the taking of Charleston.

The enemy, as Rutledge and Moultrie surmised they would, drew up before the Sullivan Island work, and at eight o'clock A. M. opened fire. The bombardment was tremendous, but those soft walls of palmetto logs and sand did not quake or crumble, while the deep morass in the center of the fort inclosure, received the bombs and rendered them harmless. Moultrie was not disconcerted in the least. Walking around among his men, pipe in mouth, he was as deliberate and jolly as if on parade. His guns were served, after a little experimenting by the riflemen, with admirable precision, and to Sir Peter's great disaster. For twelve full hours that awful cannonade was kept up. Moultrie ran out of powder, and fired his guns only at intervals, until Marion, at immense risk, secured a small supply from the Haddrill's Point work, and later, Rutledge sent a few hundred pounds "Make every shot tell," were the orders, and so effectually did they tell that the enemy's ships were literally sogged with wounds before night put an end to the fight.

Then Sir Peter retired over the bar. His losses had been fearful. Of the two large vessels the Bristol lost 40 killed and 71 wounded the Experiment suffering in like proportion. Sir Peter lost an arm, and Lord Campbell, late governor of the province, was mortally shot. Several of the smaller vessels were destroyed.

killed and 20 wounded! Palmetto logs and sand

had won against ribs of oak.

This brilliant event rid the Carolinas of British presence for three years, during which Moultrie served within the borders of the State. He was made a brigadier in the Continental service, and guarded well what his courage had

The campaign of 1779 transferred the seat of war once more to the Carolinas. Savannah havng fallen into their hands, to secure Charleston also became an absolute necessity for the enemy. The brave and prudent Lincoln was sent to the South to confront this danger. Moultrie vas stationed at Port Royal island to watch the approach to Charleston. There he defeated the British, in a sharp encounter, to their very seious loss. Then he was called to face a force that he had no proper means to combat. Lin-coln having moved, with most of his forces, upon Savannah, to compel the enemy to fight him there, Prevost, the British general, moved on Charleston. Moultrie, with but one thousand militia, could only retard the column, while the patriotic Rutledge hastened forward all the miltia available. Lincoln, apprised of the danger, was too far off to save the city, upon which Prevost pressed on Moultrie's heels.

The enemy appeared before the city May 11th, and May 12th demanded an immediate surren

The citizens, to avoid a bombardment, would have agreed to terms, but Moultrie's laconic answer was:—"Tell General Prevost we will fight it out"—just what the Briton couldn't wait to do, for Lincoln was fast approaching with 4,000 men, and so, on the night of the 12th, the British re-crossed the Ashley and retired to James Island, and thence to Georgia. Moultrie's inflexible courage and ready skill had once nore saved his State.

Again the trial was made. Sir Henry Clinton, in February, 1780, with a powerful fleet and land force of 10,000, appeared off the har-bor. The ships ran the Fort Moultrie (Sullivan's Island) batteries, and occupying the neck of land between the Ashley and Cooper rivers, opened fire on Charleston, April 12th. Lincoln's whole force was less than half that of Clinton. The Briton was very cautious—the defense very stubborn, but the odds were too great, and after six weeks of brave strug-gle the city surrendered, with all its defenders

he at once went to the head of all of his classes. | poor Mark Leslie. He'll strip the university of its prizes, I fear. Yonder he comes now, and he seems to be Claude Clinton's very shadow."

The speakers were two students, standing on the campus. One was Mark Leslie, the brother of Louise, who had written so kindly to Claude Clinton, urging him to reform his evil habits. As Mark's companion spoke, Claude Clinton

and the object of their conversation approached, and the latter was presented as Everard Mark Leslie greeted him warmly, and gazed earnestly into his wondrously handsome face. and upon his slight, graceful form, and from that moment, in his mind, a seed of suspicion was sown that was destined to germinate rapid-

y and in the end bring forth bitter fruit for him to pluck. The more Mark Leslie saw of Everard Ainslie, the more his suspicions were confirmed, until he was thoroughly convinced that he was

right in his supposition.

Knowing Claude Clinton well, he also liked him well, though he knew him to be gay and him well, though he knew him to be gay and in the stain on my conscience.

"No, it will not wash out—blood-stains are "No, it will not wash out "No, it will not wash out

could safely justify or overlook.

For this reason he had urged upon his sister Louise to banish Claude Clinton from her heart, for, living as they did in the same neighborhood, they had been friends from earliest child-

Knowing that Louise was believed engaged dents, and convinced that he was playing some deep game, and dragging down to ruin some innocent girl, Mark Leslie one day sought an interview with his fellow student in his own rooms.

What passed in that interview none ever knew, but angry words were heard, followed by a pistol-shot, a cry, a heavy fall, and Claude Clinton fled from the college, a hunted man, haunted with the thought that he had taken the ife of Mark Leslie, who, up to a short while before, had been his most intimate friend.

As the students and professors rushed into above me I will do it. the chambers, they beheld a scene that filled wound in his side.

Surgical aid was instantly summoned, and lonely church. Moultrie among them. His conduct through- the wounded student received every attention.

"Indeed it is, and his form as graceful, while that he would behold in chase the phantom of ly aroused, indignant, and fearless old min-

"My God! thus rushes my life into a new wickedness, and I tread the threshold of man-hood as a murderer," he hissed forth between

Then, after awhile he continued:

"But he was too bitter toward me - he brought it upon himself. Poor, poor Mark, you have fallen by my hand, and over me rushes the remembrance of our happy boyhood—the many joyous hours we have passed together—and Louise, yes, Louise! what will she think of

"Curse me bitterly as her brother's murderer Come, you brute; you but creep along," and the sharp spurs sunk deep into the flanks of the tired animal, while, in disjointed sentences, the nhappy man still continued to muse aloud. "And all for her!" he cried, bitterly-"for a voman yet a girl, and who I verily believe

"Curses rest on her, and upon me for being fool to marry her! Oh! that I were free om her—that I could fly from her memory

indelible-ha! now that I am forced to fly like a hunted hound, she will seek my home, make known the damnable secret that she is my wife, and revel in my wealth—for her silvery tongue, her beautiful eyes will touch the heart of even my stern father—curse her, oh, curse her—ha!

Claude Clinton suddenly drew rein, for be to Claude Clinton, by many of his fellow stu- fore him loomed up an ivy-grown church, surrounded by the glittering monuments of the dead.

The moon had risen and shed down upon the lonely and sacred spot a flood of silvery light, and the scene was most impressive; all was sience and desertion; for, excepting a glimmering light from the window of the distant paronage, it seemed as if only the dead were near

"By Heaven! how strange that I should have taken this road! Yes, it is the same old church, with its dead sentinels around it, for, surely, the dead guard it from intrusion. By the Heaven

The last part of the sentence was almost them with horror, for Mark Leslie lay prone shrieked, and instantly springing from his upon the floor, bleeding profusely from a horse, Claude Clinton hitched him to the fence and walked with determined step toward the

To his surprise, he found the door partly



Claude Clinton and the object of their conversation approached, and the latter was presented as Everard Ainslie.

out the siege afforded theme for general com- | His companions gathered outside the door and | open; and murmured, "They fear no intrusion ment; his escape from injury seemed marvel-He succumbed to hunger rather than to Sir Henry Clinton's guns.

So dangerous a man the enemy could afford to hold as a prisoner, and for two years he remained in British hands, during all that period keeping watch and guard over the interests of his countrymen in the city, as citizens or pris-Two very subtle and powerful attempts oners. to win him by tempting offers, over to the royal cause, he rejected with patriotic fervor. Not until May 3d, 1781, was he sent to the North, but only when the capture of Burgoyne's army gave the Continentals equivalent prisoners then in British hands, was Moultrie finally exchanged. Owing, however, to some question of comparative rank, his parole was

not canceled until late in February, Congress having made him a Major-General, Moultrie went South in the summer to resume his duties in the field, but the war really over, and he was permitted to enter Charleston on the day of its re-occupation by Greene and Marion, (December 14th)—a proud day for citizens and soldiery alike.

Moultrie was a favorite of all classes. genial, honest nature made him so popular that the people fairly idolized the man, while the record he had made as a soldier gave him the excellent consideration which only the few great can command. He was chosen governor of the State in 1785, and again 1794, each time serving much to his credit and to the good of

Full of honors, and secure in the affections of all men, he died September 27th, 1805.

Without a Heart:

WALKING ON THE BRINK. A STORY OF LIFE'S SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "GIVEN FOR GOLD," "THE FLY-ING YANKEE," "THE MEXICAN SPY," "TRACKED THROUGH LIFE,"

ETC., ETC., ETC. CHAPTER V.

THE SECRET DISCOVERED. "Well, Leslie, what do you think of the

new student—Clinton's chum? "I think if he wore petticoats I would fall desperately in love with him, for his face is as Moultrie's loss, out of a force of 400, was 10 | beautiful as any woman's I ever beheld."

conversed in suppressed whispers, while others started in hot pursuit of the murderer, for none believed that Mark Leslie could live.

Among the group outside the door, and pallid and silent, stood the new scholar, Everard Ainslie, unmindful of any of the questions

addressed him. At length he entered the room, for, being the chum of Claude Clinton, he was admitted, and walking up to the bed whereon lay the wounded

nan, he said, nervously: Why did Claude Clinton do this deed?" Mark Leslie turned his splendid eyes upon the student, and said, faintly:

'Come closer to me. Everard Ainslie placed his delicate ear near to the lips of the sufferer, who said in a whis-

"I know you as you are. Others will soon know, so leave the university at once. From my heart I thank you. You are a

"This must not be allowed," broke in the surgeon, angrily, and stooping, Everard the man was asleep, for his head was bowed Ainslie pressed a kiss upon the forehead of forward upon his desk—his hand still holding Mark Leslie, and turned away quickly, while a pen, rested upon his unfinished sermon, and all present glanced at him, in surprise, at his regular breathing came from the ministerial sudden and strange mark of affection for his

fellow student. Walking to an escritoire in the next room, Everard Ainslie took therefrom a large roll of bank-bills, a bundle of papers or letters, and a silver-mounted pistol and jeweled dirk.

up his hat and walked rapidly from the room, after one earnest, searching glance around him.

Ten minutes after he had gone forth into the night alone, without one word of farewell to his back upon the university where he had book—the records of the church passed months of, apparently, contented stu-

> CHAPTER VI. THE HIGHWAY TO RUIN.

WHEN Claude Clinton fled from the room after the death-blow aimed at the heart of Mark Leslie, he dashed at once to the stables of luxury the young millionaire indulged in as a Clinton could fly. means of education.

For several hours he pressed his steed hard, his mind in a chaos of troubled thought, his brow knitted and teeth firmly set, while, ever and anon, he would glance nervously behind

Entering, he soon found himself within the acred edifice, and the moonlight streaming through the windows enabled him to see his

It was a sacred spot, a lonely place for a man flying from justice, after aiming a death-blow at his truest friend, and Claude Clinton was fully impressed with the scene and walked with

hesitating step up the broad aisle. In front of the chancel he paused, and glanced nervously around him, while he murmured aloud, "Here we knelt and were made man

and wife, and here I curse her now! A moment he stood as if overwhelmed by the rush of bitter thoughts upon him, and then he sprung lightly over the low rail and crossed

the chancel toward the vestry-room door. The knob turned to his touch, and he entered the room to start back with a half cry of fright for, at the table before the long window, sat a

human form. A closer glance reassured him: he saw that

Right upon the sleeper fell the ray of moon light, and displaying also a candlestick with empty socket, for the candle had burned out

some time before. "A dry sermon indeed, to drive its composer These he quickly secreted about his person, and throwing his cloak across his arm, he took wit, and then, not to be turned aside from the purpose he had in view, he cautiously crossed the room toward a book-case, one door of which

was open. Noiselessly he searched for a moment, and fellow student or professor, and forever turned then drew from a shelf a large and time-worn fairly fly over the moon-lit road, and when the

> With the moonlight streaming down upon the open page, he soon found that for which he was in search, and stealthily tore the leaf from the volume which held records of the marriages | drive from him the horror that had grasped at and deaths of the parish for half a century.

The tearing sound awoke the sleeper; the Arriving in the city, Everard sought an obminister sprung to his feet, and beholding a scure hotel, dismissed his driver, and the colstranger before him, as he believed robbing the lege student was launched upon Destiny's highthe institution, and in five minutes after was church of its silver communion service, which flying along the mountain highway mounted upon his own steed, for a horse was another him and held him with firm grasp ere Claude from evil.

> Hastily shoving the stolen record into his bosom, the young student cried, sternly: "Unhand me, old man!"

"Never! you vile creature, who would rob the sanctuary of your God. I will hold you, me now to live for?" him, either in fear of pursuit, or from a fear and deliver you to justice," cried the thorough-

Unhand me, I say," almost shrieked Claude Clinton, and though a powerful man, he in vain endeavored to shake off the firm clutch that held him.

"Never!" still replied the man of God, and with a bitter oath, Claude Clinton drew from his pocket a keen knife; the blade flashed in the moonlight, and with a crunching sound sunk deep into the bosom of the protector of God's

"Oh! God have mercy and forgive him this deed!" cried the old man, staggering back, while the blood from his wound spurted over his murderer.

Wildly the long arms were thrown about, then the hands clasped, as if in prayer, a deep groan came from the pallid lips, and the wounded man fell dead across the table, whereon, a short time before, he had been writing his Sabbath sermon.

With a cry of horror at his deadly act, Claude Clinton rushed from the sacred edifice he had desecrated, and bounding into his saddle, darted away at the utmost speed of his horse. In his terror and haste to fly from the scene of death, he was unmindful that the record he had taken life to get possession of fell from his bosom, and fluttered down the road before the balmy breeze of the autumn night.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STAINED RECORD. EVERARD AINSLIE left the university grounds, and wended his way rapidly down the oonlighted road, leading to the village, a mile distant.

Arriving there he sought out a livery-stable and hired a man to drive him to the city, thirty

miles distant. What thoughts passed through the mind of Everard Ainslie, as he drove swiftly along the country road, it were hard to tell; but certain it was that the driver found him a most taciturn companion for a midnight drive, for seldom did he speak, except to urge on the

willing horses. By a strange fatality Everard Ainslie had taken the same road over which Claude Clinton had passed but three hours ahead of him, and, as a turn in the highway brought him in full view of the old ivy-grown church, he started, flushed, and paled vividly, although he little knew what a ghastly object lay within its dark

"Yes, 'tis the very same. From yonder church I wandered forth in life. Where shall I end?" half aloud said the young student, and

then he cried:

"Hold on, driver!" As the vehicle drew up Everard Ainslie sprung to the ground, and stood for a moment gazing upon the quaint old church, a feeling of awe creeping over him, as he glanced nervously upon the monuments of the dead.

Suddenly to his very feet fluttered a sheet of white paper, blown along by the wind. Stooping he took it up, and seeing writing

thereon, glanced closely upon it.

Instantly a cry escaped from his lips, and pressing his left hand to his breast, he gered back, his face a mirror of conflicting

It was a large sheet of paper, fully twenty inches in length and eight in breadth—torn from a large book; it was the same sheet, crumpled and spotted with blood, which Claude Clinton had unknowingly dropped as he mounted his horse to fly from the scene of his cruel

That stained record told the story—it told that upon a certain spring day, some four months before, Claude Clinton and Eve Ainslie had been bound in the holy bonds of wedlock, before the chancel of that dead-encircled church, by one who now lay stark and stiff in

the sanctuary of his heavenly Master.
For a moment Everard Ainslie seemed like one dazed by his discovery, and then he muttered in a husky voice:

"In God's name! how can this have come here—and it is stained with blood—ha! Claude Clinton came this way.

book of records; yet, why this stain?
"I fear, yet I know not what I fear, but thank God I hold this in my hands, for were he to possess it, I would be disowned and dishon-

"Ha, ha, ha, Claude Clinton, I hold the win-

ning hand! "You have tired of me, and would cast me off. Though flying for your life you came here to destroy this record; but I have it, and the stain upon it may one day bring you to the

"Well, I must on, and mayhap I may yet meet him, and—if—I—do? But I'll not whisper that even to myself.

"Ha! I'll find out the secret of this red stain. Driver, await me here So saying, Everard Ainslie walked with de-

termined step toward the ivy-green structure, placed his hand firmly upon the latch, but hesitated, shuddering as though a mortal fear was mon him. Regaining his self-control, he entered the sa-

red edifice, and glanced timidly around the loomy spot. With faltering step he walked along the aisle

ntil he stood within the chancel.

Not a sound broke the solemn silence, and it emed like sacrilege to there intrude. He had nerved himself, however, to the task, nd was determined to proceed if the very spec-

ters of the dead arose before him. Crossing the chancel he entered the vestryoom, and with a cry of horror started back. There in the moonlight, his pale face up-

turned, his eyes open and staring a glassy stare, ay the poor rector. Bounding forward, Everard Ainslie gave one look into the marble-like face, placed his hand upon the silent heart, and then, with a cry of mingled joy, sorrow, fright and despair, clutched at his head as if in frenzy, and rushed from the

Springing into the waiting vehicle he cried, in

"Drive on! for the love of God, drive on!" Startled by the wild manner of the youth, the driver plied his whip and they seemed to gray dawn of day broke in the east, the lonely nurch and its terrible secret were miles away -then, and then only, when the rosy tint of morn fell upon his face, did Everard Ainslie

his heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

BROTHER AND SISTER "DEAD! dead! and by the hand of my own

brother. "Oh, God! is there aught in this world for

The speaker was a woman of rare loveliness

in face and form, although her features were stamped with an almost despairing sorrow.

She was attired in a loose morning-wrapper, that was most becoming to her, and was pacing to and fro, with a nervous tread, from one room into the other, for the door between the two

The rooms were large, elegantly furnished, and most comfortable—the one a parlor, the other a bed-chamber.

A piano and a guitar, proved that the occupants were possessed of a musical taste, while numerous books scattered here and there showed literary amusements for idle hours.

In her hands, as she paced to and fro, the

young girl, for she seemed scarcely more than eighteen, held a leathern wallet containing papers and bank-notes.

"This was taken from him after he fell, and brought to me-but what care I for these papers? they do not bring me back my poor slain "Dead! can I realize that he is dead? that I

shall never again touch his lips, his hand—that an open grave lies between us—a grave of my own brother's digging? "Oh! Clarence! Clarence! you deemed you

were avenging your sister's honor—but you were crushing her to the earth in despair.

"Now the secret must be known—yes, I can tell it now, for he is dead; yes, I can make Clarence Erskine, brother though he is of mine, shrink with horror to know that he has killed. not my destroyer, but my husband!

"Ay, Clarence Erskine, you have slain one who was innocent, and— Yes, they say he faced death boldly; for why should he fear to die when his heart was unsullied?
"Ha! who can that be?" and the woman

started, as a tap came upon the door. A second time it was repeated; but she seemed to have lost all power of speech to bid the one without to enter; but stood staring at the closed portal, as though she expected to see some dread specter enter the room.

Then the door slowly opened, and with a cry of horror the woman recognized the man who

It was the same tall, graceful form, the same earnest blue eyes that had faced Colonel Roslyn Roselle and sent him to his death. It was Clarence Erskine, the brother of Flor-

ice—the avenger of a sister's honor. Strangely alike were the two; but in the eyes of the sister there sparkled a fire almost kindled of hatred; in the eyes of the brother there was a look of intense sadness

Ha, ha, ha! Clarence Erskine! murderer, slayer of the guiltless, you have dared pollute this sacred spot with your presence?

"Do you not fear that an avenging God will wither your own right hand, stained as it is with the blood of my husband -

"Your husband!" gasped the man 'Av. Clarence Erskine-now I will tell you the truth; Roslyn Roselle was my husband, and you have slain him!

'Away! away! How dare you contaminate this room with your presence?" and Florice pointed toward the door with a manner most threatening, a face clouded with the wildest

'Florice, hear me-" began the brother, but the woman broke in with:

"What! do you dare to palliate the wrong you have done me?" I dare tell you, Florice, that your name

bandied about, torn with dishonor, and that I sought an explanation from you, and you gave me none.
"I then went to Colonel Roselle, and his an-

swer was that he had no explanation to make. "Believing you yet innocent of wrong, and hoping to check you ere you were drawn over the brink of crime, I challenged Roslyn Roselle, for he would make me no promise never to see you again, and knowing his past life as I did, and remembering that a mystery hung about him which none could fathom, ! was determined to end the unfortunate relations between you.

"To this end, to protect my sister from a designing villain, as I believed him to be, I was willing to risk my life against his. We met and the result you know. Roselle fell by my hand.

"Now, when too late, you tell me you were his wife, and I have the curse upon my life of

"Oh. Florice! Florice! this is awful!" and the brother raised his hands to his face and shuddered as bitter memory swept over him like a tidal wave of sorrow, desolating his life.
But, Florice stood like a statue, and no word

escaping her lips, after a while Clarence Erskine continued: "You sorrow for a husband, slain by a bro-

ther's hand, Florice; your heart will ache, but time will heal the wound, while I, my sister, will, as each year rolls by, but suffer more, for blood-stains wash not out; they stain the hand, the heart, the brain—hold! listen to me while I tell you that to-day I leave my father's house

"I have ample means, ay, a generous income, and I will live apart from you—to-day our paths in life divide, for by my presence I will not continually bring up before you a phantom of your buried love, and I care not to sit constantly between you and the grim spec-

"But, Florice, I am still your brother, and our father is journeying toward the grave, and he is all you have to love you; yet, when he is gone, when you are left alone in the world, and you need a friend, a brother's love, come to me as in the olden time when you were my little sister.

Cheer up, now, Florice; the grave has divided all who loved each other in the past the grave will divide all who love each other in the future, Florice."

A moment more and he was gone; yet still Florice stood staring at the door, a grim smile upon her lips, a look of sorrow swelling up into her beautiful eves.

> CHAPTER IX. JUST IN TIME.

ALONG a lovely country road, traversing the mountain district of New York State, rolled a traveling carriage, drawn by a pair of fine black horses, and driven by a colored coach-

In the vehicle were two persons, an elderly gentleman, of perhaps fifty-five, with the bearing of a soldier, and a face full of nobleness and generosity, while his snow-white hair and mustache gave him an expression of almost womanly sweetness.

The person by his side was Florice Erskine; as beautiful as when the reader last beheld her, and vet a look of settled sadness upon her face which had not rested there four months be-

Clad in the deepest mourning, it was yet most becoming to her; but the sunshine of life better?" was gone, and the horizon of her future was shadowed by clouds which were not tinged with

"Father, how long will it take us to reach our new home?" suddenly asked Florice, with a quiries. Mystification seems to be an indispartly wearied look upon her lovely face.

"Perhaps two weeks, daughter, for you know we will not leave our carriage until we myself. Naturally, I felt gloomy and thought-

reach Virginia; then Henry can come on alone, while we dash on by rail.

'And you think I shall like Wildidle, as you call the estate, father?"

"Yes. Florice: it is one of the grandest old homes in the South, and as you know, belonged to an old army comrade of mine; but he ran through with his fortune after the death of his wife; the place was advertised for sale, and, remembering what it was, when I visited him twelve years ago, I purchased it, thinking it be a delightful retreat for you, where I could also forget the turmoil of the busy world.

"Therefore I had it put in thorough repair, refurnished and improved, and I know that we will both love Wildidle."

"And Clarence? he will remain in the city I suppose?"

It was the first time that Clarence Erskine had ever heard the name of her brother upon his daughter's lips since the fatal duel in which Clarence had slain Roslyn Roselle, and the father looked quickly toward her, and then said, after a moment's hesitation:

"Yes, Clarence will remain in the city, and practice his profession, in which he is certainly making a name—though why he should worry himself with the troubles of other people l know not, as his fortune, independent of what

"His conscience needs quieting-he must work, or-go mad," almost savagely said Florice; but, ere her father could reply, the ve hicle came to a sudden halt; the horses swayed violently to one side; the crack of a pistol followed, and then came a half shriek of pain, a heavy fall, and two heavily-bearded faces peered into the carriage windows.

The sudden halt, the shot, the cry, together with the dark faces that bent upon her, caused Florice to faint away, just as her father leaned forward to draw his pistol from one of the car-riage pockets, where he kept it in traveling. But, the muzzle of a revolver was in his face,

and a stern voice cried: "Hold, old gentleman, for you have too many around you to play that game. Give us your gold, not lead, and be quick about it too, for we are not men to brook delay," said the man at the other windo v.

Feeling that the odds were against him, Colonel Erskine determined to yield, and said quietly:

"I have but little gold with me, but that I shall surrender at your demand." 'About how much, boss?" impudently asked the first speaker.

"Perhaps several hundred dollars—"
"It won't do—come, boys, we'll take the girl, and when he wants to give a few thousand for her recovery, he can get her—"
"Hold! you would not take my daughter?"

cried the fond father, horrified at the very "That's just what we would do, if she was

your wife. We need money, boss."

As if to carry out his threat the speaker laid his hand heavily upon the unconscious Florice, when, suddenly, there came a cry of alarm from a third man, who was holding the horses. Instantly both men at the carriage windows

started back, the one to fall to the ground in-sensible from a blow upon the head from a heavy cane, the other to dart into the forest, quickly followed by his companion, who stood at the head of the horses. Released of their restraint, the animals would have dashed away, and Colonel Erskine and his

daughter might have been dragged to a horrible death; but a lithe form sprung to their bits and checked them, while the colonel sprung from the carriage to the aid of him who had proved himself the preserver of himself and Florice, and boldly came to their rescue at the risk of his own life

(To be continued—commenced in No. 323.)

A SPRING SONG.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

The sun has chased the clouds away, The birds have sung their morning lay, The sky is clear and blue above, And morning wakes mid smiles of love.

The buds are fresh with crystal dew, The leaves display their shining hue, And zephyrs sweet steal all around, To kiss the trees and kiss the ground. How gladsome doth each heart rejoice,

The new-born flowers serene and sweet Impart a joy to all who meet Their first soft smiles so full of grace, That seem reflected on each face.

Then pour rich blessings from thy heart, To God whom thee hath set apart, And high above each habitant, Of this great world with power not scant.

For all that's here for thee was made, Thee in thy daily life to aid; Labor's reward is ever good, It brings peace, rest and daily food.

The Cross of Carlyon:

THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD. A Romance of Baltimore.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "BLACK CRESCENT," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER SERPENT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII. SOMEBODY MISSING.

THEY told me that I lay unconscious and raving during the balance of that night. The worthy doctor had another patient on his hands, and, very fortunately, he had a sachel of medi-

It is a happy fact, that such frenzies of grief as mine do not, generally, culminate seriously. The rule being, rather, that, the greater the sorrow at first, the stronger the heart is afterward. The agony that knows no tears or outbursts, which lingers dread and weighty on the senses, while the only evidence of it is the weakened eye and ghastly cheek—this is most

All night I lay moaning the name of Christabel, and tossing about in a wild delirium. To-ward daylight I sunk into a profound sleep, effected, no doubt, by opiates. But, when the sun came pouring in through the windows, and I again opened my eyes to life, it was like the wakening from my usual slumbers; I was calm

enough, with only a slight headache.
"Ah!" exclaimed the physician, "you are

"Have I been very sick?" "Um! Well, not so sick, after all."

These gentlemen of medicine always were pensable part of their profession.

After a hearty breakfast, I was thoroughly

ful-how else, with death in the house? And

death, in this instance, seemed, truly, a tyrant.

But I was alive to necessary matters; and among my first thoughts was a sense of duty toward little Christabel. The child ought to be brought at once to take the last farewell of her

What a blow it would be to her! Christabel, so young, so buoyant in all those ideal vigors which impart to childhood the sunniest of charms; only a few months since she had found and learned to love the beautiful woman who was her mother—now to lose her when she was dearest, when the cup of happiness was brimming and sparkling in the light of golden prom-It would be a delicate and difficult task to break the sad news to her; yet who to do it but myself?

There was no time to spare. Ordering out the buggy, I drove to the city on a double errand: to notify an undertaker, and in quest of

South Dallas street. Now that was an odd place for Meggy Merle to seek an abode in, when I knew Miss Christabel had given her onsiderable money, and lately accustomed her to living in magnificent surroundings. I wondered if she had dwelt there during the whole nine years of the child's life, and marveled, if so, how little Christabel could have grown to that age, so chaste in person, habits and language. Not that Dallas street was a wicked place, nor yet such a filthy place; but alleys generally, in a large city, are not desirable lo calities for people of even ordinary refine

Calling upon the undertaker, I then sought the rickety house where Meggy Merle had resided when I delivered the letter a year or more prior. An aged colored woman met me at the door. She had occupied the house since Meggy left it; Meggy was not there now.

"Lor', mars'r!" she exclaimed, in answer to my questions, "is you a-lookin' for little Chrissy!-w'at used to live heyr! Bress de chile she's de sweetest honey ever was. I know'd her some, I did. But, dere: she done clear out long ago, an' got t'other side de world by dis time, I s'pects."

"Then you can't give me any information as to her whereabouts?" "Deed I can't, sure."

"She has not returned here lately—say withn a day or two?"

'Fo' de Lor' she ain't." "I would very much like to find her."

"Is you her big broder?" "No, but a very dear and anxious friend."

"Heh—hum! y-a-s."
I was not satisfied until making close and fruitless inquiries throughout the alley, north and south. Giving it up at last, I drove to the Sun office, and inserted the following

"MEGGY MERLE. Please return at once. You egreatly wanted at Lochwood. J. H." But the day of the funeral went by without idings of the absent ones. I exerted every available means, employing detectives in the hunt for Meggy Merle and little Christabel. The same condition of things continued.

I had not yet examined the black morocco diary, nor produced the will, nor set about adjusting Miss Christabel's business in final inven-I now went to work, beginning with the

My first discovery was the date of the birth of my benefactress, entered on the fly-leaf. Thirty-nine years.

Was it possible she was that old!-so much older than myself? And still so beautiful But, why not? Aspasia was beautiful at the same age; Cleopatra was past thirty when she became the idol of her Antony; Diana de Poitiers was the most lovely woman of her court at thirty-six; Anne of Austria was the andsomest queen of Europe at thirty-eight; Mile. Mars was at the zenith of triumphs, in beauty and as a tragedienne, after forty. Christabel I thought more angelic than all, at thirty-nine.

Passing over this, I devoted myself to the strange history in the diary—the detail of a leceit and heartless perfidy. All her mysteries faded away, all her trials stood forth; I learned, then, who and what she was, and how deeply she had been sinned against. Each paragraph increased my sympathy, until, in the solitude of that library, when none but the All-seeing Eye could see, the tears trickled down my cheeks. No wonder that her heart

and turned to stone. At the close of the singular chronicle, ensued later events: her meeting me, what we did together, her plans concerning me all of the latter completely, generally fulfilled. I then noticed that there had been no jottings in the diary for quite a while, and studying for a moment, I recollected the date as being that night when I saw her in such trepidation, on the occasion of her second visit to the vaults, after our occupancy of Lochwood manse. An

enigmatic entry, too, as follows: Night of —th. . . All things have their ending. Trapped the wicked lizard to-night, and sealed her up forever. Wretched being! her task has ended in a retribution she little expected. Now, one thing more—my child in my arms!—and Christabel Carlyon—the Cross of Carlyon—has triumphed at last."

By previous allusions in the diary, my curiosity was satisfied as to who this Lizard wasthe object in gray, which encountered us on the night of our memorable first visit to the vaults of Lochwood—and as to the part she played in the tangled events of Miss Christabel's sufferings.

Closing the diary, I procured a lantern and ought the vaults. It was tedious, breaking the cement round the monstrous door; but everybody was abed and asleep, I worked leisurely, and soon broke through. I felt no fear whatever; the mystery of the haunted vaults

Waving my lantern, I moved ahead and arrived at the door of the chamber in which Miss Christabel had once shown me the document bearing the bloody cross - The Cross of Carlyon, also explained in the course of her private his

tory.

The vaulted cell was provided now with a stout door. The door was locked, with the key

My hand trembled as I turned the key and the knob, and stepped in; then I recoiled instantly, for my nostrils were greeted by an odor so offensive that I nearly fainted. Two things I had seen, however, in the momentary flash of the lantern.

At the far side of the cell lay a wasted human figure, almost a skeleton, so hideous to look upon that I refrain from describing it. The second item was a slip of paper directly at my feet, as if it had been pushed beneath the door and never disturbed afterward. Securing this paper, I hastened away from

the sepulchral depths, and confess that I breathed freer when again in the comfortable library. By the light of the large lamp I read these lines: "Whoever may find in this vault a skeleton, may know that it is the remains of one who, for thirty-five years, assisted in a plot to defraud the orphan-ed and friendless. A heartless creature in the employ of heartless men, who caused the death and

Poor, poor Miss Christabel. Was she insane I had never detected it. But, if she was, I could not blame her for this deed. What she had endured was sufficient to craze her, and in her insanity, no wonder she had wreaked a ter-

I called in workmen next day to have the vault doors re-sealed, doubly secured, for I wished to hide forever from the world the secret beyond.

My next movement was to enter the will. which was found strictly to be as she said; everything to little Christabel, with me as sole executor and trustee, until the heir came of age. Ah! where was that heir to be found? Here

was a task ahead of me. Discharging the servants, the doors and windows of Lochwood were closed by my own hands. I arranged the business of the estate in a condensed manner, and then went out to hunt over the earth for Christabel Carlyon, the

All of this happened fifteen years ago.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LADY IN THE CAB.

Toward the close of Indian Summer, 1874beautiful Indian Summer, when the flower were nodding farewell, and the last soft spice breath of roses floated in the air; when the birds sung louder, and the broad earth looked gayer in its final struggle before the dews were rost; when hues and hues were blending, and the brown chestnuts rattled among the fallen leaves; when the morn was haze of gold, and the evenings bright with stars; surely, such a scene, in such a clime, that inspired the sweet song of "The Last Rose"—a season un-

known in the almanacs of the old world!

Baltimore fashionables availed themselves ounteously of this pure weather; the streets and drives were thronged, and costly apparel here and there indicated that some, at least, had money to spend, notwithstanding the extraordinary dullness of business affairs.

Our interest lies at Camden Station, an hour or so before dusk. The early evening train from Washington had arrived with tolking bell, passengers were hurrying toward the gate—and among the streaming passengers, one whom we must note.

A lady of slender figure, neatly dressed, who wore a vail arranged just enough aside to expose a beautiful brunette face, with black, starry yes that sparkled in the dim light of the lamps round. She was alone.

Stepping out at the front of the station, she engaged a cabman from amid the host that shouted and flourished their whips. In a few minutes she was riding toward the north of the city—then the cab struck the Harford road. On. on it went, the driver sitting like a statue in the drawing darkness, while he counted upon the ample fare he was to receive.

Presently he reined up, and glanced inside through the front window What'd you say was the name o' the place?

"All right;" and as he drove on again he mumbled: "Must'a' been before I 'gan drivin' in Baltim'r', I reckon, as I never heerd o' no such place out this-a-way. Say, mister "-to a nan whom he overtook, plodding wearily along the roadside-"how far to Lochwood?"

First lane to the left after Joppa.'

"Old Joppa pike."
"Who's he!"

"Must be green, I guess. Don't know the old stage road?" "Oh! Thankee." The cab soon passed the pike and entered the sne. Dark, dismal and rugged it was, and a

cond time the driver paused. "Say, mum: think this here's the place!"

"Is it Lochwood!" "I reckon. This's the first lane after Joppa... But there ain't no lights up to the house, an' it's

rt of a cut-throat route, anyway
"Go on." "All right, mum."

Slowly over the weed-grown carriage path, vinding through the aisle of spectral trees and rowning shadows. Even in the dim light of he growing moon, it was plain to be seen that the place was deserted.

At the crumbling porch the occupant of the cab alighted. But she paused and looked slow

"Lochwood! Is this Lochwood?"
"Reckon so, mum. Don't appear to be any-She ascended the steps and tried the door; then descended and glanced up at the grim front. All was black and silent as the grave. driver cast furtive and uneasy looks about him: the horses pawed with unrest.

"Isn't that a light off there?" she asked, pointing through the trees.

'Yes, mum; on the road, further up." "We'll go there."

"Anywhere you says, mum. They went back over the tangled lane, and oon reached the front of a tasteful cottage a little beyond. A dog barked as the driver hallooed, but a woman presently answered the

"Is there anyone living at Lochwood?" "At Lochwood! Why, bless your heart! it's been tenantless these fifteen years, ever since

"The strange lady?" "She as owned it."

"Oh! And there was a gentleman used to live there. I believe?"

"Mr. Harrison, you mean. Yes, well, he's not been seen since that time either. And I really can't say where you'll find him. He was the lady's manager, you know; and I bought this cottage of him, after he had improved it some. My last payment was due soon after the good lady died, and I went to his usual office in Baltimore. But, bless you! the office was closed, he was clean gone, nobody knew where, and I haven't made the payment

Was you wanting to see him, Miss!"
'I would like to see him—yes, very much. "Well, I'm really sorry. I'd like to get sight of him myself." "Good night"—and to the driver: "Back to

the city, now." "Yes, mum. Where to?" "Some large newspaper and book store." "That's Taylor's." "Go there, then."

Taylor's, at Sun building, generally closed shortly after dark, and in order to please his customer, the cabman plied his whip smart and fast, in hopes of reaching the place in timewhich he succeeded in doing. They were just winding down the iron blinds as the cab wheeled up at the curb.

"Wait for me, driver," and with this she hastened into the store, where she asked the obliging clerk for a daily newspaper. "Which one, Miss?"

"One having the most advertisements of boarding 'in it.'

In a moment her brilliant eyes were scanning

And while she read, as if in search of something, there was another pair of busy eyes, intent upon neither book nor paper; the eyes of a man a few feet from her, at the counter. He seemed surprised and perplexed. His scrutiny

A man past fifty years of age, but hearty and stout, prepossessing in appearance, and wearing a mustache of sprinkled gray and black.

"Can it be?" muttered this individual, never once removing his impudent stare. "Impossible! Yet, enough like her to be her pic-

The lady folded the paper and went out. 'Which way, now, mum? Hotel?" asked the "No. Drive to No. — South Bond street.

Do you know the place?" "Oh, perfectly well, mum."

And away went the cab, on a bee-line east-ward, along Baltimore street. Abreast, of the cab, on the pavement, went the man who stood at the counter in the book-

"I must see and know more of her," he was saying to himself. "It is like the dead risen He had little trouble keeping pace with the

vehicle, until passing Exeter street. The thoroughfare was more open there, and he had to run, at times, for the driver whipped forward At their destination, the young lady ascend-

ed the wooden steps and rung the bell.
"You advertise a room to let, with board, madam," she said to an elderly woman who answered the summons. "Yes, yes, so I did. Step in, please."

Settling with the cabman, she entered the Hardly had the door banged shut when the strange pursuer, who had been watching from the opposite side, walked rapidly across and ac-

osted the driver: "Who was that young lady you brought

"Dunno, sir," making ready to mount his "Are you sure? Perhaps you can tell me something about her?" and, as he spoke, he rustled a dollar-bill under the other's nose.

"Well, sir"—pocketing the money with alacrity—"I might say, sir, 'at she come in on the early evenin' train from Washington, an' had me drive her out into the country. There wasn't nobody a-livin' in the place she went to, an' then we come here. "You haven't any idea what her name is?" "Nary bit. But see here, mister"—the cab-man nodded impressively—"I wouldn't try to

fool round her, if I was you; 'cause she's a full-aged woman 'at's traveled some, an' knows how to take care of 'erself, an' she's a reg'lar "Where was it you took her in the country!"

asked the gentleman, ignoring the quiet hint not to "fool round" the subject of their con-'Lochwood' was the name o' the place, I

"Ah!" He started visibly. "You went to Lochwood. Tell me: did you not see some "Nobody but a lady at the cottage near

by. 'And there was some little conversation?" "Well, she asked about the parties what used to live up to Lochwood."

"Did you hear any names mentioned?"
"Only one—'Mr. Harrison.' She was mighty anxious to find him. "Enough, my man. Is your cab busy?"
"Not at all, sir. Can I carry you?"

"No. — St. Paul street."

Back whirled the cab over its late route, the lriver highly elated with his "run" of jobs. Inside, the new customer was grinning maliciously, rubbing both hands vigorously on his knees, in a state of peculiar jubilance, while he

muttered: "I's she, beyond a doubt! I cannot be mis-Ho! what unexpected news this will be for the old man!" and aloud: "Faster there,

"Yes, sir; the horses is a-doin' their purti-To be continued—commenced in No. 321.

The Masked Miner:

THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER. A TALE OF PITTSBURG.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER, AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD."

CHAPTER XIX. TOM WORTH'S TWO VISITORS.

On the afternoon of the day, the night succeeding which, with its startling events, has been given in the foregoing chapter, Tom Worth sat sad and lonesome in his cell.

The creeping wind on the outside forced itself through the narrow grating, high above

him on a level with the ground, and chilled the damp apartment. The prisoner sat, with his back against his little bed, with a blanket thrown over his shoulders. As usual he had been writing; but the gloom of an early evening had settled down, obscuring the light, so that he could no longer discern the characters he was tracing. So, the prisoner had pushed the written sheets back on the little table, and was now seated, buried in

What the miner was cogitating about, can only be inferred from the nature of his situation, the depressing circumstances surrounding him, and the grave charges against him-for the which, he was now confined to the limits of four damp walls. Tom Worth was a man who did not deal in soliloquy, but one who rather occupied his time in thinking—in linking this thought into that inference—deducing this conclusion from that premise, and making a brief, rapid summary from the whole.

On this particular evening, the man's face was dejected—more so than it had been since the day of his appearance before the alderman; for now, with the expression of deep thought, that habitually marked his countenance, there was unmistakably commingled an air of dejection—of anxious, brooding care.
"Would to God I were certain before I make

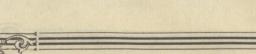
my move! Seeing is believing, beyond a doubt; and there is something to be unmasked!" He talked as if in a dream. He said nothing more, but bent his head in thought again. An hour passed, when the door

thought again. An nour passed, when the door was opened, and the jailer appeared.

"I come to tell you, Tom," he said, kindly, "that I have brought your friend to see you again. I have searched him. By orders received to-day, visitors may be allowed to re-

main with you half an hour." "Thank you, kindly, my good man," said

Tom, rising to his feet.



In another moment old Ben Walford, almost too full to speak, entered the cell, and as the old man and the young met, in a strong, soulyearning embrace, the jailer stole silently

Glorious privilege for the poor prisoner glorious privilege, too, for the honest friend, the sterling man, old Ben Walford, the sooty

For several moments the two remained locked in the warm embrace; and then seated themselves side by side.

"God help you, Ben, my dear friend! You,

alone, are a friend to me now!"
"I am a friend to you, my dear boy, and there's no man in the mines that will dare gainsay it. But then, Tom, you have other good friends—and in the mines, too; and, hark you, my boy, in your ear: say the word yourself, and they'll show it."

"I understand you, Ben," said the prisoner, after a pause; "but I cannot consent to it. It would be setting law at defiance; it would be an acknowledgment of guilt! I cannot con-

'As you say, Tom!" replied the old man at once; but then he added, half-defiantly, "though, if you would just hint such a thing, Tom, we would tear this old jail down, stone by stone, to get you out! Another thing, Tom that broadcloth rascal, Fairleigh Somerville, daresn't show his ugly face near the breaker of the Black Diamond! Even Mr. Hayhurst has promised him a mauling!"

'No violence, Ben, no violence, for, in the end, it would injure me. Be calm, be cool, be temperate, for I am to be tried."

'Yes, yes, Tom, but by the Eternal Pillars! you are innocent—innocent of this rascality, Tom, and we all know it!"

"Nay, nay, Ben, but it must be proved on the day of trial," said the prisoner, vehement-

"And that lying toll-keeper, Markley," continued the old man, "came near getting a thrashing from our engineer."

"Do not blame Markley, either, Ben. am convinced he was a friend of mine, and knife, however, awed him, and he paused. I believe he told the truth, to the best of his "Villain, that you are!" exclaimed the maid-

"What! Why, Tom! This is worse than not taking bail!" exclaimed the old man, with an irrestrainable indignation. "You don't pretend to say that Edward Markley saw you that night, in the wagon?"
But Tom Worth did not choose to answer this

estion; he cast his eyes up, as if in a dream. And then, as if communing with himself, he

"Tis strange! very strange, that—"
"Infernally strange, I tell you, Tom, for you to talk so! I do hope you won't make old Ben Walford ashamed of you!"

Like lightning Tom Worth turned upon him. 'Trust me for that, my friend!" he exclaim-"I will stand my trial, and, mark me, shall be acquitted! And yet, to that end, GoD will have to assist me! But, Ben, your time is fast passing away. I wish to say a few words u-words of importance." He paused.

"I am listening, Tom, and will treasure up every word," and the old man drew nearer to his friend.

Well, Ben," began the other, in a low voice "there is a piece of rascality afoot in this city, with which it may be that I have become entangled.' He paused.

"What mean you, Tom?" asked the old man. "Do you know Boyd's Hill?" asked the other in the same low tone, without heeding old Ben's 'Every inch of it! Why?"

"Just back of the cliff, not far from the head of Stephenson street, there is an old house, which I—" his voice sunk so low, that old Ben had to lean over to listen; and then an animated, earnest conversation ensued between the

When this consultation—we might term itended, old Ben sat for a moment, without speaking, and then rising to his feet, said in a

deep, determined voice:
"Trust me, Tom; I will watch well. And—" Just then, faintly and indistinctly, were heard heavy footsteps approaching—this time, as before, confused.

The footfalls paused before the cell of Tom Worth; the key grated in the lock; the bar rat-tled down, and the door was opened.

"Your time is up, sir," said the jailer to old Ben; "but, Tom," addressing the prisoner, "I have brought you more company.

For a moment the two miners stood, hand clasped in hand, and then old Ben, with a halfsigh, turned abruptly and left the room. The jailer immediately closed and locked the

door, and walked away. The cell was now very gloomy, almost dark, and Tom Worth, as he turned to his new visitor, did not recognize him.

He was a tall, portly man, with a long silver-white beard, covering his face entirely. The man was clad in large, loosely-fitting garments -evidently, by their peculiar cut, of common

"Well, sir," said the miner, a little harshly,

"what business have you with me? the hour i late. "What business? That's good!" said the

other, straightening himself up, with dignity.

As he heard the voice of the visitor, the miner started as if shot through the heart. "Mr. Harley! you here?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, yes, my man, I am here; but, for God's sake, do not speak so loud! I do not wish my name known. Don't you see that I am in disguise?"

"Yes, truly, I do see it!" said the miner, slowly; "and again I ask, what business have you in my cell? I am a prisoner now, sir. Tom Worth, I have heard your voice be-

fore; 'tis strangely familiar."
"You have heard it, sir, in your library and in the alderman's office. But speak, sir.'

"Well, then, Tom, guilty or not guilty of abducting my daughter—poor child!—I am sure you know something of her whereabouts." 'Upon what do you base such an opinion sir?" asked the other, as a frown came over his

"Upon what you hinted at in my library. And now, I am here with gold—a large amount

-to buy your secret; to—"
"Enough, old man!" suddenly cried the miner, his tall form dilating, and towering to a greater hight than ever; "enough, or you'll craze me! You refused to hear my suspicions, they were nothing more; you mocked and insulted me when I was in the grasp of the law; you believed me guilty of this dastardly act, when, God knows, I would have died for your daughter; and now, sir, you sneak in here, under cover of night, and hidden in a disguise, afraid that you will taint your name! Come here to buy from me my secret! No, sir! I hold no secret from you or from any man, and in the court-room, when the day comes, I shall have justice! As for your gold—bah! I despise it, as I contemn and spit upon you for your own cringing conduct! You have my answer, and—I prefer to be alone!"

Five minutes afterward old Richard Harley, wretched, chopfallen and miserable, emerged from the rear-door of the jail—slunk down into Grant street, and when just below the Cathe dral, entered his carriage, there awaiting him, and was driven rapidly over the river.

> CHAPTER XX. DARK DEEDS.

GRACE HARLEY, with bated breath, sunk back on the sofa, as the door slowly opened. She gave a quick, covert glance thitherward, as the raw night-wind crept in; and though, at such an hour, she could expect no other, yet she started convulsively as the loathsome villain who had insnared her appeared. bearded face, the wide, drooping slouch hat, drawn over the dark brow, yet permitting the fiery eyes beneath to burn and flash out-the long coarse overcoat, concealing all shape to his person—all betokened the same unwelcome visitor—the same unprincipled scoundrel whose

purpose was now fully apparent.

Grace Harley was a bold and determined girl, when driven to desperation; her danger now was that she had been driven almost beyond despair, and was likely to succumb from

the very subsidence of despair. As the man quickly entered, and closed the door behind him, he approached her. But in an instant, she sprung to her feet, thrust her hand in her bosom, causing the newspaper, nestled there, to rattle—and drew forth a keen, flashing dagger.
"Stand back, villain!" she exclaimed, rais-

ing the blade high in the air, in her nervou grip: "I have cast aside the spike since I have found this better weapon—this, perhaps an evidence of other crimes of yours—and I'll die—Stand back, I say!" and her eyes gleamed with a look of determination.

The man recoiled violently, as he saw the oright, keen blade glitter in the full blaze of the chandelier, and coward-like, his own hand sought the heavy butt of a pistol, protruding from his overcoat pocket. Advancing a stride, he half drew the weapon from his pocket.

en, "draw your pistol and murder a defense-less woman! Death at any time is preferable confinement here, and I doubt not you can play the role of murderer well; 'tis only a de gree beyond what you already have done.

Half-frenzied, the man drew the pistol from his pocket, but, almost instantly, let it drop again. As he did so, the girl caught a glimpse of his ungloved hand, and she saw a glittering jewel flash for an instant from that hand. Grace erouched against the wall; a shudder shook her form; a deathly pallor took possession of her already wan cheek.

But the man knew not the cause of this sudden change, nor did he care for it.
"You need not be alarmed, Grace Harley!"

he said, in a harsh voice; "I do not come to annoy you to-night. I am here only for a few oments on business. Besides, my sweet one, I have other and more important work on my hands. But "-and he advanced toward her again—"you must be blindfolded. I wish to onsult some papers here, and look into some matters which it were well you should not see.

I must do it!" and he continued to advance,

"Stand back, sir!" exclaimed the girl. "I'll

die before your polluted hands shall touch

"Can you not believe me when I swear to you that I will not harm you? There, I cast my pistol from me!" and he tossed the weapon on the center-table behind him. place the bandage over your eyes."
"Never! never! so help me God!" and

the girl still opposed to him a bold, unflinchi

The man's eyes glittered fire; his hands gripped together, fiercely, and a furious oath of an ger burst from his lips.

'Then, by Jove! I'll shoot you through the arm, and bind you by force, for you shall be As he spoke, he snatched the pistol, cocked it,

and was about to aim. For a moment the girl stood firm, unn then, as a faint trembling came over her, she said, in a low, half-appealing voice:

"No! no! If you shoot me at all, let it be through the heart. I will apply the bandage to my eyes until you yourself are satisfied. Only give me your pistol that I may be safe against

reachery. The man hesitated. 'If you will swear solemnly by heaven and nell!" at length he said, coarsely, "that you will not take an undue advantage—that you will again, at the proper time, place the pistol in my hand, and that you will not remove the bandage

until I am gone, I will do as you say. Thought after thought passed like lightning through the young girl's bosom. Were she to accede to to those terms, she might place herself irretrievably in the power of the villain; if she refused to accede to those conditions, h might proceed to violence—the result of which she would not trust herself, even for a moment, to contemplate.

She saw, too, by the man's manner, that, beyond a doubt he was in a hurry, and that he was, to a certain extent, telling the truth. She concluded to accept his terms, as he had

equiesced in hers. "It shall be as you say," she at length murmured, in a low tone; "and right or wrong I'll trust you this time."

The man seemed somewhat softened, for he replied in a more conciliatory tone: You shall not be deceived; but hurry, and

-here is the pistol!" As he spoke, he advanced, and placed the deadly firearm in her hands.

The girl slipped the weapon, with its cold steel barrel, into her warm, palpitating bosom, and then, without a moment's hesitation, unyound the thick shawl from her shoulders, and folding it in several plaits, covered her eyes with it effectually. Then, drawing the pistol from her bosom, she sat down composedly

upon the sofa. "Tis all right," said the man. "Now turn your face to the north—that is to your left hand. So!" he said, as the girl obeyed him,

inhesitatingly. For several moments there was a silence in the room. Naught but the roaring wind without, sounding ominous and preternaturally

clear, could be heard. The man turned toward the further side of the room, and, as if "to make assurance doubly sure," he drew a screen between him and the

girl, who sat motionless on the sofa. But he allowed the gas to stream on as ever. He drew near a low sideboard, opened it, and took therefrom a cut-glass decanter. He wait ed not for a tumbler or goblet, but placed the vessel to his mouth and drank deeply. Then he replaced the bottle, locked the sideboard and

rose to his feet. "Now-now!" he muttered to himself, "I am strong—and—look—nay, I must look at my King of Terrors, and prove to him that I am

king-not he! He approached the wall as before, found the

concealed spring, and pressed on it.

The section of the wall sunk obediently—slowly—slowly, and then the ghastly sight I was hurled into the sea. came into view.

A half-cry almost burst from the man as he ing its position as before.

Without more ado, he turned, hurled the screen to one side, and walked up to the

"Give me the pistol, Grace Harley," he said, in a low, quavering voice; "then wait until you hear the door shut. Then you are at liberty to remove the bandage."

The girl obediently held the weapon out toward him. For a moment he gazed at her sitting so motionless, so trustingly, then turning abruptly, left the room.

Grace hearing the heavy bolt of the lock slide into its socket, removed the bandage. But no unusual sight met her eye.

Ten minutes, fifteen, twenty, a half-hour passed, and Grace still sat where her strange visitor had left her. She glanced around the room to see if the man had left any trace, telling of what he had been doing.

But everything was in order; nothing was disturbed. The chairs were in their usual places, the sofa and center-table also. The pictures on the wall—Ha! the wall!

What was that ominous-looking crevice on the side opposite her? She had never noticed it before. It was a narrow seam, about half an inch in width, extending six feet across the wall, at right angles. Below and above this seam the rich velvet paper showed its cut edge. Singular!

The girl rose to her feet, and, with awe and trembling, drew near the mysterious crev

Grace paused as she neared the fissure, and glanced tremblingly around her. Summoning her courage, she suddenly drew a chair to the wall, mounted it, and peered into the nar-row aperture. She could discover nothing, could determine nothing, save that there was a black, cavernous depth inside the place, and that there issued therefrom a foul, musty odor. The girl drew back; her limbs were tottering under her, but, resting a moment, he ourage and determination returned.

She drew the dagger from her bosom, and placing it in the crevice, bore her weight, gently at first, upon it—then with more force. The wall yielded slowly—slowly—the cavernous opening enlarged. The maiden paused,

and peered in; still, nothing could be dis-The wind roared wildly without, and bel-

lowed hoarsely down the tall chimney. The girl pressed her hand on the wall, while, with the other, she still bore down with the dagger. Suddenly, from some impulse, the sec tion shot rapidly up into its place—there was a creaking, as of chains and pulleys. The section closed with a sharp, clicking sound, and the dagger, broken in twain by the blow, fell to

With a wild cry of terror, the maiden reeled backward, slipped from the chair, and dropped like lead upon the rich carpet of the apart-

(To be continued—commenced in No. 318.)

Kansas King:

THE RED RIGHT HAND

BY BUFFALO BILL (Hon. Wm. F. Cody)

CHAPTER XXX. THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

Upon the rocky ledge, in front of the cabin, the moonlight streamed with almost noonday brilliancy, and lighted up a strange sco Lying upon the rock, and supported by Lone

was the Hermit Chief, his long gray beard and hair shining like silver in the moon light, and his broad chest heaving with every hard-drawn breath—for the Hermit had received his death wound.

Standing near was Kansas King, a bloodstain upon his forehead, from a wound made by the butt of the Irishman's pistol.

The face of the Hermit was pallid with pair and some inward emotion of bitternes The face of the man, whose deeds had won

for him the name of Kansas King, was still unmoved and reckless. In front of these men stood their five pursu ers, Red Hand slightly in advance, and he wa

speaking, while his deep voice was stern and almost cruel in tone. He was saving: "Carter Bainbridge, you have but a short time to live, and ere your soul takes its flight, I would have you speak, if the story I am now

about to relate is not true in every word." After a moment the Hermit replied. "Hell has certainly aided you, Vincent Ver-non, in letting your hand take my life; tell

all you wish to, for I care not now-no, not -ha! there comes Pearl."

At that moment the maiden rushed from the cabin, and beholding the strange scene and the Hermit lying wounded upon the rock, cried,

Father! my father! are you dying?" Quickly Red Hand stepped forward, and re straining her, said: 'Maiden, this man is not your father-waste not your pity on him.'

"Not my father! Oh, surely you are—"
"He tells the truth, Pearl; I am not your ather. Listen and he will tell you all," and father.

the Hermit spoke with difficulty.
"Yes, I tell the truth, as you shall all hear. "Many years ago, in a New England State, I was living with my widowed mother, my father, a naval officer, having died when I was a mere lad.

My mother had wealth, and being youthful and handsome, had many admirers. "When I was fifteen years of age I first saw this man—Carter Bainbridge—known to you

all as the Hermit of the Black Hills. "This man became, as I believed, the husband of my mother, who loved him dearly, and so did I; but, alas, his was a black heart, for already had he a wife living in a Southern the mother of a son whom this man brought to our house after his marriage with my mother, and passed off as his nephew.

"From the day of that son's arrival there began a plot for my mother's and my wealth, for the pretended nephew was as bad as his professed uncle.

"At length I entered the navy as a midshipman, and after an absence of three years returned to find my mother dead.
"Then I suspected no evil, but after investi-

gation proved that this man had cruelly taken my mother's life. Again I went to sea, and I left this man and his son at my house, as I believed; but the son, as a common seaman, shipped on my vessel, and as I was pacing the deck one night in a hard blow, I was thrown overboard by a sailor

who approached me unawares. "The vessel went on, for none had seen the

"Returning home again I found the father and son, whose fright at my appearance I took gazed at the glistening skeleton lying there so for surprise and joy, for all believed me lost, quietly—so awfully! Then he sought and found the other spring, and aided the wall in regain-had left the vessel at the first port and returned to report his success "Dwelling in the same town where was my

home, was a physician and his daughter, an only child. "That maiden I loved with my whole heart, and ere I again went to sea she became my

wife "And yet with perfect trust I left her at home with my supposed stepfather and his son, while her father, the doctor, accompanied me to sea as my guest, for his health was in a precarious condition, and he believed a sea voyage would benefit him.

"When in Spain, a year after my marriage, word came from my wife of the birth of a little daughter, and my father-in-law, who was still with me, urged that I should resign and return home.

"I followed his advice, and together we were to sail for London, and yet the night before we sailed from Spain, when my fatherin-law and myself were returning to the hotel late in the evening, an assassin sprung from a dark corner and struck him to the heart with a knife.

"Strange to say I was arrested as his mur-derer, and sent to America for trial, for he was a man of vast wealth, and my wife was his only heir.

"For nearly two years I lay in prison, and then was acquitted, for no proof could be found

"And yet, in all that time my wife did not come near me, nor did my step-father or his

"At last I left my cell, and returned to my home, to find I had no home, no wife, no child.
"This man, Carter Bainbridge, had sold my whole property that he could lay hands on, and my wife had gone off with the son, whose name was Boyd Bernard.

"My child, I was told, was dead, and I be-lieved it, especially when I received a letter from my misguided wife, bidding me farewell, and telling me that she intended to die by her

"Considerable property, left me by an aunt

I still had, and with money at my disposal, I started to hunt down Carter Bainbridge and Boyd Bernard. "It was a long and tedious work, but I tracked this old man, step by step, for a long time, and discovered much of his evil life—ay, discovered that he had deceived another wo man who believed she became his wife, and was then east off by him, after he had robbed

her of her wealth, and left her and her boy to starve. "That woman was the mother of the man

now knewn as Kansas King. With breathless suspense had all listened to the story of Red Hand, and yet none were prepared for the sudden and startling assertion he made regarding the parentage of the outlaw

As for Kansas King he stood amazed and si-lent—for a moment—and then sall, bitterly: "Scout, I feel that you speak the truth; tell

me, old man, am I your son?" "Is your right name Leo Randolph?" faintly asked the hermit.

So men called me; but if my parentage was dishonorable, I hold no claim to any name.' 'You are then my son.

"Good God! Well, if I am hung by Captain Archer here, my fate will be the proper thing, I suppose, and yet I prefer hanging to acknowledging you as my father," and the outlaw spoke with terrible bitterness in his tone. Then Red-Hand continued in the same deep

At length I tracked this man to his home and—I believed I killed him, for I drove my knife deep into his side, and it was the first time my hand was stained with blood, though from my birth I have borne, this mark which Red-Hand held up his hand so that the moonlight revealed its crimson hue. Again he went on:

But I was only half avenged, for Boyd Bernard still lived. "What destiny ever led my footsteps into these hills, God only knows; but here, five years

ago, I met Boyd Bernard—and 'villed him."

"Ha! tell me, Vincent Vernon, tell me—is the grave in the Haunted Valley that of my son?" said the old hermit, eagerly.

"It is; I killed him, and for the sake of the

happy days we had passed together in boyhood, I buried him and carved his name upon a tree at the head of his grave."

"I knew of the grave, but never saw it— never knew that Boyd lay buried there, for I thought he had gone East with Grace," muttered the old hermit.

"Tell me, Carter Bainbridge," continued the Scout, "did Boyd Bernard come here with "Yes; I fled here in fear of my life, for I

have been a great sinner, and Boyd and Grace came with me; but we had a quarrel and they left, as I believed to go East, and—' "And they settled in the Haunted Valley and there they lived until I killed Boyd Ber

nard, and yet poor Grace still remained alone to watch his grave, until last night she fell by her own hand, as this scout knows. "Ay, fell by her own hand, and we two buried her there in the valley.

"Then I sought the cabin where they lived, and the papers I found there told me all; yes, that Boyd Bernard had slain the father of my wife and then placed the crime at my door to have me hung, and that, believing the story told her, Grace had fled, a guilty thing, from my

love; but I have forgiven her all.
"Ay, more did I learn, and that is that this maiden here-who has heard every word of my

story, is my own daughter.
"Pearl, will you come to your father's heart?" Words cannot portray the tenderness with which Red-Hand spoke, and, comprehending the whole plot of crime against him, and feeling that he was indeed her father, the maiden sprung forward and nestled close in the arms of the man whose life had known so much of

Not a word, not a motion marred the silent joy of that moment for those two, father and daughter, so cruelly divided through life, until at length Red-Hand turned once more to the old hermit, and said:

"Carter Bainbridge, I can now, in my joy, even forgive you." No word of reply came, the eyes gazed straight at the moon with a fixed stare, and the voice of Lone Dick said, quietly:

"He's gone to another trapping-ground, com-Instantly Paddy stepped forward, and feel-

ing the lifeless pulse, said aloud:
"Thrue for you, Misther Lone Dick, he's off for Purgathory, and no mestake; and av he wasn't sich an ould sinner we'd be afther havact, and I would have been lost had not a in' a wake over his bones.

"He's not worth it, Irish; wait until I am hung and then have a fandango over me," terly laughed the outcast son, Kansas King.

"Silence! let no man dishonor the dead," rung out sternly the deep voice of Red-Hand, as he turned and led poor Pearl into the cabin, to prepare for the return to the stronghold of the miners.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CONCLUSION In the shadow of the hill that sheltered his cabin, Carter Bainbridge, the hermit of the Black Hills, found his last earthly hermitage the grave.

Standing by, watching the burial of the hermit, was Pearl, leaning upon the arm of her famit, was Fearl, teaning upon the arm of her father, and so intent were Tom Sun, Lone Dick and Paddy in digging the grave, and Edwin Archer in gazing upon the beautiful face and form of Pearl Vernon, that no one noticed the prisoner, Kansas King, quietly steal away, until when all was over and the party weeks to til, when all was over and the party ready to go, they missed him.*

Search and pursuit were then useless, and mounting their steeds, awaiting them in the gorge, the party started for the miners' stronghold, where they arrived just at sunrise, and were greeted with wild hurrahs from all.

Tom Sun then accompanied Red-Hand and his daughter to the haunted valley, and while he went on to tell the glad tidings of victory to the anxious party in the secret retreat, the husband and the daughter halted at the grave of poor Grace, and guilty though she was, they orrowed for her most deeply

During the day the whole party of miners and settlers were gathered together at the and settlers were gathered together at the stronghold, and most warmly was Pearl welcomed by Ruth Ramsey and all, when they heard the strange story of her eventful life, and hearty congratulations were bestowed upon Red-Hand in honor of his new-found happiness.

Toward evening Major Wells arrived with his squadron, and then it was made known to the invaders of the Black Hills that the country belonged wholly to the Indians, and that they must depart therefrom at once, and leave the

red-skins in possession. The greater part of the two bands were most willing to acquiesce, and the following day the entire party, accompanied by the cavalry, left the inhospitable, but beautiful land, and took up their march for the boundary of civilization. During the march, Edwin Archer and Pearl Vernon were often together, and so also were Red-Hand, now known as Vincent Vernon, and Ruth Ramsey, and the result of this intimacy was that, shortly after their arrival at North Platte, there was an engagement entered into between each couple, to be consummated one

year from that date. Then were the two bands of invaders into forbidden lands, scattered to the four winds of heaven—some remaining upon the frontier, among whom was Lone Dick, and who returned to trapping, and Paddy, who re-entered the army, under Major Wells, and Tom Sun, who now roams the Western plains one of the cham-

pion Indian-fighters of the age. As for Captain Ramsey, he went east with his family, and purchased a home in Maryland, while Captain Edwin Archer started for New York to take possession of a fortune left him by

a maiden aunt. Tired of a wild life on the border, and re oiced to have found a beautiful daughter, Red-Hand also left for New York, where he placed Pearl at school for one year, and then she be-came the bride of Edwin Archer, the same day that beheld Ruth Ramsey married to Vincent Vernon, and well I know that every reader of these lines will wish them happiness as they journey through life together.

THE END. Next week, the first of Buffalo Bill's Overland Sketches, "Bob Scott, the Lightning Driver,"

will appear. *A white man, said to be chief of one of the north-ern tribes, is believed to be Kansas King.—BUFFALO BILL.

A TOAST.

Two important discoveries: The discovery of America by Columbus, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; the one opening up to mankind a new continent, the other a fountain of health, which is indispensable to the full enjoyment of life and its blessings. In response to the above sentiment come the unsolicited attestations of tens of thousands of grateful patients who have been relieved of chronic ailments through its instrumentality. Those voices are limited to no one locality, but from every city, village, and hamlet in our broad domain, as well as from other climes, and in the strange utterances of foreign tongues, like the confused murmur of many waters, come unfeigned and hearty commendations. It is, in combination with the Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the great depurator of the age. Under its benign action eruptions disappear, excessive waste is checked, the nerves are strengthened, and health, long banished from the system, resumes her reign and re-establishes her roseate throne upon the cheek. All who have thoroughly tested its virtues in the diseases for which it is recommended unite in pronouncing it the great Medical Discovery of the age. A TOAST.

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THE STORY OF MOLL PITCHER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

During the famous Revolution A woman did such execution At Monmouth, fighting the Britishers, That a never-dying name is hers.

A cannonier was her husband there
When he was killed in the fray,
But she wouldn't give up the cannon e'er;
The cannon near she stood all day,
And loaded it up and fired away,
But worse than all the balls she sent
Was the way that she for the Britishers wer
With her tongue, to their consternation;
It was two-edged, and very keen,
Being re-sharped for this terrible scene,
And 'twas very plain that she was a queen
In the art of conversation.

In the art of conversation.

Above the din her voice was heard,
And the cannon didn't drown a word;
She rated them by file and platoon,
By section and by division,
And her words like shells among them exploded
With heavy abuse and Greek fire loaded,
Which the British harrowed and goaded—
And she'd plenty of ammunition.
It rattled around the heads and ears
Of even the bravest grenadiers,
It took them there upon every side
"Till they couldn't endure the volley.
"Storm that woman!" the general cried,
Their blankets over their ears they tied
And charged, but ah, it was folly!
Her mouth they said was a mitralleuse
And the terrible storm of rifled abuse
About their ranks was beating.
Her strong words cracked them over the head
In such a way their noses bled;
They halted at once, "We'll be killed," they
said,
And so set in to retreating.

And so set in to retreating. And so set in to retreating.

Then the general called a council of war, and said, "I've traveled both near and far And fought in many a battle, But I never saw such a fusilade, And men of iron could never have staid To face such a terrible rattle. I'll put it down in the rules of war That such a thing is unhuman, And I'll tell you this—I'd rather die In open battle than again to try To spike the mouth of a woman."

And so they went away no richer By the efforts they made to break that Pitcher.

Disenchanted.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Broken your engagement!" Madge Amory echoed the words with such genuine surprise that Edith smiled amusedly—fair, stately Edith Grosvenor, with her lily face lighted by such grand black eyes, soft as

"Broken my engagement, Madge; and I can sure you Dr. Belmont is just as well satisfied

Madge flung a navy blue velvet band impatiently on the dressing-case, her cheeks flushing, her blue eyes looking unutterable reproach and

"I do declare, Edith, I've no patience with you! What on earth could have possessed you to throw Leslie Belmont over—such a perfectly splendid fellow as he is, and the handsomest man in the world, I do believe, and such a grand reputation as he is gaining in his profession, and the fortune he is sure to make, and the way he worships you, you heartles

Madge's mingled indignation at Miss Grosve nor's course of action, and her ardent upholding of Dr. Belmont's flag, were certainly very graceful and pretty; and Edith parted her

handsome, haughty lips in an indulgent smile.
"Child, I am not to blame, for all I broke the engagement. Dr. Belmont is entirely to blame; he insisted on my giving up my pet views and opinions on certain subjects. You know what I think about women's rights, dear; and of course I told my handsome doctor that neither he nor any other man need expect to obtain such absolute control over me that my most cherished opinions should yield to him and his opinions. Of course, a rupture naturally followed an animated discussion, and the rest, vous voulez."

Edith's countenance was as calm as a summer sky; but Madge—Madge buzzed like an en-

Yes. I do know the rest. Disgraceful as it is. I think you are the most egregious-well the most foolish girl it ever has been my luck to come across, Edie." And the bright blue eyes came to a sudden prolonged stare on Miss

Grosvenor's statuesque face.

"Edie, do you know what I believe? solemnly believe Horace Aylmer is at the bottom of this."

A swift scarlet tinge fled over Miss Grosve nor's face, like a rosy sunrise shadow over snowy landscape.

Yes? Why do you think so?"

She asked it very quietly.
"Because Mr. Aylmer and you are in such sympathy on this nasty suffrage question cause Mr. Aylmer is just as jealous of Dr. Bel-mont as he knows how to be—because you are an heiress, and your fortune of a hundred thousand dollars would not come amiss to him

Miss Grosvenor lifted a jeweled forefinger

imperiously. "No more, please, Madge. Mr. Aylmer as you say, in sympathy with me. More, Mr. Aylmer is, in my estimation, a gentleman who despises fortune-hunting; and, more than all, last night I accepted Mr. Aylmer as my betrothed husband.

Her nostrils were dilating like those of a thorough-bred, and she held her head up with defiant grace of a stag. And Madge-Madge collapsed pitiably.

Oh, Edith Grosvenor! Is it possible? What will Dr. Belmont think when he hears?" Edith picked up her silver-backed hand-mirror, and examined her pretty arching brows

"What Dr. Belmont thinks has ceased to be a matter of interest to me. Madge, stay to luncheon, like a good child, and we'll have a drive afterward.

Mr. Horace Aylmer sat in his room at the Albermarle Hotel, looking down at the surging crowds that were passing up and down Broad way, and occasionally turning toward a spec tacled young man who was quietly reading an afternoon edition of the news

Suddenly Aylmer sprung from his chair. "Carlie, that is she—that is Miss Grosvenor on the other side—the lady in black velvet and

silk. Isn't she magnificent?" His face was not as enthusiastic in expre sion as his words, and Mr. Carlie looked half

sarcastically over his paper. 'Really it is too much trouble to move, Aylmer, or I would be happy to endorse your estimate of your betrothed. I dare say you are in duty bound to call her magnificent, seeing that she has been fond—and foolish—enough to bequeath her fortune unqualifiedly to you, as a proof, you say, of her implicit confidence in

Aylmer stroked his dark, curling beard. "Miss Grosvenor is a remarkably sensible young lady, Carlie, for all I must confess, confidentially, I can't approve of her taste in turn-

ing the cold shoulder to Belmont. Miss Grosvenor is a Godsend to me, as unexpected as necessary, for, as I can tell you, old boy, I had not the remotest idea she'd have me."

Carlie folded his paper lazily. "And I dare say, as usual, your exchequer needs replenishing, and your wife's money will do it. Only, Aylmer, it strikes me that a wo-man so generous and trusting as Miss Grosve-nor has shown herself deserves, at least, some return of affection from you. And I know you do not love her, or any one, but that little blue-eyed angel who is even poorer than

Avlmer frowned and flushed.

Never mention Etta Emerson's name to me, Carlie, unless you want to see me commit suicide. It is the one task of my life to try to forget her. Forget her! as if her blue eyes will not be forever looking into mine!"
"Pleasant for Miss Grosvenor, that."

Carlie stretched himself with lazy grace not taking notice of the pallor Aylmer could

not banish from his face. Then came a rap on the door, and a hotel nessenger handed a note to Aylmer, who opened it, half apprehensively.

There is no answer.' He gave the fellow a quarter, then sat down in a chair beside the table. "From Edith. A telegram was handed her

a moment after she passed here, bidding her go at once to Virginia, where a friend is dying. She bids me adieu for a few days." His eyes were shining as lovers' eyes never

shine at the prospect of a separation from their "Old fellow, as if I can't read you like book! You are going to enjoy Miss Grosvenor's absence with little blue-eyed Ettie—to forget whom is the one Herculean task of your life.

Aylmer, you're a rogue."
"Granted—but only for a few days, remem-

"Annette!"

Miss Grosvenor's voice was low, and very sweet, for all the undertone of physical pain in the one name she called, that was answered in a flash by the trim maid who appeared from a distant window.

"The bathing, Annette. And tell me what time it is. I feel ever so much better to-day. Don't I look as if I would be able to be around

in a day or so?" Annette was deftly bathing a big ugly bruise on Miss Grosvenor's white forehead.

"You look a hundredfold better, Miss Edith. No one would believe to see you to-day that you were picked up for dead the day of the collision—actually left to yourself, because those wonderful smart doctors said the living needed care. It makes my blood curdle when I think of it."

A slight nervous tremor made Edith shiver then she smiled.

"There is no use thinking of it. It seems strange to me when I try to imagine how delighted they will be at home when I return, safe and sound, after the telegram you sent them, saying I was killed."

The tears were hanging like dew-drops on Edith's long lashes. She was thinking of Horace Aylmer—and their meeting; picturing his keen, rapturous delight; and—away down in the very depths of her woman's heart, wonderng how Dr. Belmont took the dreadful news.

Then, some one summoned Annette from the notel office; and ten minutes later, she came rushing back, beaming with delight.
"Miss Edith—Miss Edith! what do you

think? If Dr. Belmont hasn't come all the way from New York, expecting to have the mourn ful satisfaction of escorting your remains home —and—he's that pale and trembly since he's heard you're alive that he can hardly stand. Do et him come up—do, Miss Edith—more shame o Mr. Avlmer that he didn't come. Edith flushed hotly.

"Annette-be careful! You may show Dr. Belmont up. His professional knowledge will be of service, at least.

And, grave, paler than the woman among the pillows of the lounge, Leslie Belmont bowed over the one love of his life—but made no sign. then, nor in the after days, when, by short easy stages the home journey was performed; when his skillful, tender care made strange breaks in Edith's calmful peace: when his grave, handsome face was a study to her that ever failed to disturb her.

It was just dusk when the coach rolled up to the door of Edith's home, where lights brightly gleaming in the drawing-room windows seeme o make a welcome for her.

"I know what it means," she said, turning her eves to Dr. Belmont's face. "I can se through the window—Horace is thereturned the latch-key softly, motioning Leslie to follow her; and side by side they crossed the relvet-carpeted hall to the parlors, where sounds of voices came suddenly to their ears-Mr. Aylmer's first.

"I tell you there is not the slightest use o prating to me about the looks of it, Mr. Ashley. You are the lawyer who drew up Miss Prosvenor's will, and you know she left every thing, most unqualifiedly, to me. I choose to take possession at once, -and that's the end of

Edith's fingers suddenly tightened on Dr. Belmont's wrist—a touch that thrilled him through and through.

But such haste is indecent, Mr. Aylmerutrageously indecent. Without a doubt you are owner of this mansion and all it contains, and the remainder of Miss Grosvenor's estate-but, n the name of humanity and decency, for the sake of the lady you loved-

Aylmer's laugh interrupted the earnest appeal of the old family lawyer "Come! now, Ashley, that's rich! An old fellow like you prating of love. Do you really suppose for a moment I cared for Edith Gros venor? No, sir! It was her money—and I've got it, safe and sound, without any encumbrance. Ashley, transfer the bonds and stocks so my name, and give me whatever loose cash there is in the bank. I'm going to furnish afresh at once-consulting Miss Emerson's

taste; and in less than a month you'll see the happiest married folks you ever came across." His gay, bantering tone was peculiarly repellant, under the circumstances, and Edith drew her figure proudly up in wrath and disgust. Then, with a little sudden moan, she

dropped her hold of Leslie's hand. 'D: Belmon! how you must pity and de spise me!" Her complaint was hardly off her lips when he had caught her hands in his.

'Edith! It is only love-great, undving love I feel! Edith! can you let all the miser able past three months pass—and let me begin where I left off that blessed September night? Edith, tell me you love me

One second of pride battling with the true we that had only been sleeping; and Edith lifted her lips to his. "Leslie! oh, thank God for this! Leslie! my

wn, own darling!" And then she threw open the drawing-room door, radiant, flushed, smiling.

"I am too sorry to interfere in all your de

lightful little plans, Mr. Aylmer, but, really, I am obliged to! Mr. Ashley! dear, dear old friend—tell me how glad you are it was all a it; and there he sat and suffered for three morhideous mistake about my being killed." Then, turning to Aylmer again, who stood like a petri-fied corpse, she bestowed one of her most bewitching smiles on him. "I mean a fortunate mistake. Leslie, will you ring for Jonas to show Mr. Aylmer out? Mr. Ashley, you shall remain for dinner and a pleasant evening, for I want you and my future husband to arrange several matters for me to-night. Jonas—the door! don't be terrified; it is really I-Mr.

Aylmer, I wish you a very good evening!"

And with a sweeping bow, the very quin tessence of mockingly elaborate courtesy, she dismissed the speechless, crestfallen man from her house, from her life forever.

A Persecuted Man.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"It's a widow," groaned Mr. Bumble—Timothy Bumble, bachelor, from Spadunk; evidently Mr. Bumble hadn't any especial love for 'Here am I-an unsuspecting, inno cent man, invited to come down visiting my brother John, and like a fool, I came down Hardly do I step foot inside the door before I'm told that there's some one else coming—a widow—Belinda's dearest friend—and such a nice oman, and I see through it all in a minute. It's a plot! They've got me down here for her to marry!

Mr. Bumble broke out in a cold sweat at the "And now she's here," went on Mr. Bumble

shaking his fist at something in the corner—ar imaginary widow, perhaps. "She's here, and I'll be persecuted and pestered from morning till night. She knows, of course, that John and his wife are willing to help her along in her wickedness. I wish"—Mr. Bumble began to wax eloquent in his earnestness-"I wish there was a law abolishing widows.'

John came in pretty soon.

eady?" he asked. "Yes, I s'pose so," answered his brother.
But I tell you what it is, John, I won't marry

Maybe she wouldn't have you," laughed

"You can't cram that down my throat," exclaimed Mr. Bumble, explosively. He followed his brother down like a lamb led to the sacrifice. He remembered afterward of seeing something in the shape of a woman rise up as they entered the parlor, and hearing John say something. Then the shape swooped down upon him like a hawk upon a dove, and for ten

minutes thereafter all was blank to him.

When he regained his scattered senses—it always affected him in this way to be introduced to women, especially widows—he found him-self sitting before her with meekly folded hands, while she was talking away at a fearful rate. She was strong-minded, he discovered, with a cold shiver of foreboding. Nothing

cooing or dovelike about her.
"I do think," vociferated Mrs. Blake, laying her hand on Mr. Bumble's knee, by way of emphasis—"I do think that we poor women have rights that you men are bound to respect. Don't you?" Mrs. Blake turned her eagle eyes full on Mr. Bumble, as if defying and daring

"Undoubtedly," admitted Mr. Bumble, faint-"Yes, undoubtedly," repeated Mrs. Blake

You show good sense in making that admis-ion, and I like you for it." Mr. Bumble regretted that he had made it. "Dear!" exclaimed the poor man that night.

I'm afraid she'll get me cornered up and mar His sleep was haunted with widows. One leaned from the headboard to pull his hair, and one shook her fist at him from the footboard,

while one leaned over the bed and requested him to kiss her. Not another wink of sleep did he get that night "Oh, Mr. Bumble," cried the widow at breakfast, "there's a lovely view from the hill, Be-

linda says. I want you to come and show it to me. 'I'm in for it, I'm afraid," he groaned. 'She'll propose before we get back. She be lieves in rights. Maybe proposing is one of 'em. If she should propose, I know I wouldn't

Oh. that walk! Every hour was a week long.

His courage began to revive as the distance between him and the house grew less.
Suddenly Mrs. Blake got frightened at a

"She won't hurt you," averred Mr. Bumble. Shoo! boss, shoo! The animal didn't shoo but came nearer

"Oh," shrieked Mrs. Blake, flinging her arms bout the poor, unprotected man. "Save me.'
"You old brute!" Let us hope, for the sake of the bachelor's gallantry, that he referred to the cow and not the widow. "You old brute! r'long off with vou," and he succeeded in putting the cow to rout.

"How shall I repay you?" sobbed the widow 'My lifelong gratitude is yours."
"Don't!" said the bachelor, evidently greatly "'Tain't worth speaking of.

'I feel faint: I'll have to lean on you," sighed the widow, and he had to help her home. expected she'd try to faint and fall into his arms every minute, but he hurried her over the ground at such a rapid rate that she hadn't time to.

"It's getting desperate," he thought, as h reviewed the events of the day; "a widow'll bring things to a crisis in no time."

e next night there was a party. Mr. Bumble had to see the widow home. But it wasn't because he wanted to. He tried hard enough to shirk the duty, and was detected by his brother sneaking off round the corner and brought back to the widow. "It reminds me of a night when Mr. Blake

walked home with me before we were married," said the widow, and gave signs of being about to dissolve in tears. Mr. Bumble could stand anything but that. "I'd like to have you come up to Spadunk,

he burst out, at a loss what to say, and so say ing the first thing that popped into his head. "Would you?" said the widow, clinging closer than a brother. "I would like to come up and see you. I might stay for life. 'There! I've put my foot in it this time,'

thought the poor man. "It's coming!" "Dear me; what have I said?" cried the widow. "I'm so impulsive. What can you think of me?" Mr. Bumble tried to say something, but the

words stuck in his throat and produced a rumble like distant thunder. 'You wish I would? Was that what you said?" asked the widow. "Dear me!"
"I—I didn't say so!" responded the bache

lor, despairingly. "You misunderstood me, He tried to shake her off at the parlor-door,

tal hours. More than once he thought the awful moment had come, but something-Providence, he called it-helped to avert the fate which must have been his if she had spoken, and he congratulated himself when he reached his chamber that he was spared to freedom yet a little longer.

He went to bed and dreamed. He thought Mrs. Blake came and informed him that she was going to marry him at half-past ten to-morrow. He woke in a clammy perspiration. It was terribly real. Then he dreamed that he ran away to avoid her, but she followed him, and put her arms about his neck and hugged him, saying: "Oh, you foolish man! To think you could get away from a widow when she'd made up her mind to marry you!" and then she fell to kissing him.

He got up and dressed himself.
"I won't stay under this roof another night,"
he declared. "It ain't safe."

Ten minutes after some one knocked at "I'm going home," exclaimed Mr. Bumble Train goes in fifteen minutes. Good-by."

"But, Timothy-"'Tain't no use! I wouldn't stay for anything. I'm going," and he was off.
"You look all beat out," declared his old

housekeeper on his arrival at home.
"I be," said he. "I tell you what 'tis, Betey, I ain't going away from home again till I know it's safe. I've been persecuted! If any women come here tell 'em I'm dead, or gone West, or got the small-pox, but don't you let

Mr. Bumble confidently expected the widow vould follow him. But she didn't. He hasn't been out of Spadunk since that time. doesn't think it safe to do so.

THE WOODLAND GRAVE

BY MARIE S. LADD.

It lies beneath a bed of moss Where wood-flowers weave their silken floss, And deep blue violets run across.

If pale-face there, or Indian brave Rest 'neath the fretted architrave, In what is called the lonely grave,

We know not; and we only know A life, by death's harsh overthrow Now lives above, that lived below

Base-Ball. BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE PROFESSIONAL ARENA. THE first month of the Centennial year campaign has ended, and the opening contests have been model exhibitions of the beauties of the National Game, as a general thing poorly played games having been the exception. The four leading clubs of the League Association out west, have encountered each other, and out of the fight Chicago and Cincinnati have appeared with flying colors, the former clutching the laurels. In the east here the Mutuals and Hartfords have stepped in the van, the new Boston team falling below the anticipated mark as the appended record up to May 1st shows. The east and west will not meet to play together until June, except so far as one club is concerned, the New Havens taking a trip west on May 15th.

The April record of League pennant contests includes the expectation.

tests includes the appended model games, viz. games won by nine runs and less. We give them in the order of the smallest score:

April 25, Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, at Cincinnati 2

29, Hartford vs. Boston, at Boston (10 in s)3

25, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville. 4

27, Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, at Cincinnati 5

29, St. Louis vs. Louisville, at Louisville 6

22, Boston vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia. 6

25, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn. 7

27, Mutual vs. Hartford, at Brooklyn. 8

The averages of the League pennant series for April is 7 and 5 over for the winning nines, and 2 and 7 over for the losing. This is the

best opening month's average on record. The regular record, showing how the clubs stand, in won and lost games with each other, is as follows:

Clubs.	thletic	3oston	hicago	incinnati	lartford	ouisville	Iutual	t. Louis	dames won
Athletic Boston Chicago Cineinnati Hartford Louisville Mutual St. Louis	: - 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0	000000	: 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 -	: 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0	: 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1	: 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0	000000	1 2 3 2 1 0 1 1 1
Games lost	1	2	0	1	1	3	1	9	111

All but the Chicago nine have lost single ames up to the close of April The other League club contests—all marked

by double figures—are as follows:

April 24, Athletic vs. Boston, at Philadelphia .. 20 ... 27, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville ... 10 ... 29, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati .. 11 On May 1st the following games were played. out one of which was a League pennant con

On the 2d of May the following games took May 2, Cincinnati vs. Chicago, at Cincinnati ... 15 ... 2, Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn 8

Outside the League pennant contest, including the latter, however, the April record of games in which professional nines took part, shows the appended list of "model contests. namely, games won by nine runs and less:

April 25, Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, at Cincinnati 2
15, St. Louis vs. Stocks, at St. Louis 3
15, Harvard vs. Lowell, at Lowell 3
29, Hartford vs. Boston, at Boston (10 in s) 3 15, Harvard vs. Lowell, at Lowell.

29, Hartford vs. Boston, at Boston (10 in s) 3

29, Chricago vs. Louisville, at Louisville... 4

20, St. Louis vs. Red Stock'g, at St. Louis 4

21, Kleinz vs. Philadelphia, at Phila ... 4

20, Louis'le vs. Amateur, at Louis'le (10 in.)4

22, Hartford vs. Yale, at Hartford ... 5

27, Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, at Cincinnati ... 5

27, Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, at Cincinnati ... 5

28, St. Louis vs. Red Stock'g, at St. Louis ... 6

29, St. Louis vs. Red Stock'g, at St. Louis ... 6

21, Phila. vs. Philadelphia, at Phila ... 6

22, St. Louis vs. Louisville, at Louisville... 6

21, Phila. vs. Quickstep, at Wilmington ... 6

22, Boston vs. Harvard, at Boston ... 6

23, Boston vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia ... 6

22, Quickstep vs. Brandywine, at Wil ... 7

26, Alleghany vs. Zanthe, Alleghany City ... 7

27, Cincinnati vs. Star, at Covington ... 7

29, Charter Oak vs. Mutual, Hartf'd (10 in.) 7

29, Boston vs. New Haven, at New London ... 25

20, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn ... 8

29, Philadelphia vs. Active, at Brooklyn ... 8

29, Philadelphia vs. Active, at Reading ... 9

17, Athletic vs. Active, at South Boston ... 9

31, Boston vs. New Haven, at New Haven ... 9

31, Boston vs. New Haven, at New Haven ... 9

32, Live Oak vs. Harvard, at Lynn ... 9

33, Live Oak vs. Harvard, at New Rochelle ... 9

34, Confidence vs. Magic, at New Rochelle ... 9

35, Louis vs. Magic, at New Rochelle ... 9

36, Olympic vs. Astive, at Rayle, at Lynn ... 9

36, Confidence vs. Magic, at New Rochelle ... 9

37, Confidence vs. Magic, at New Rochelle ... 9

38, Live Oak vs. Magic, at New Rochelle ... 9

The model contest of April was that played at Cincinnati on April 25th, the score of which is as follows. It was the finest display of ball playing ever seen in that city, and entirely eclipsed any of the old Red Stocking games of

CINCINNATI Kessler, s. s. 2 Booth, 3d b . 3 Gould, 1st b .3 Clack, r. f. . . 3 Jones, c. f . . 3 Cuthbert, 1. f3 0 Totals..27

The best Eastern game of the month was that played in Boston on April 29th, when ten in-nings' play were required to settle the guerdon of victory. The score is as follows:

HARTFORDS. BOSTONS 1 G. Wright, ss0 2 3 2 0 Leonard, 2b 0 0 3 8 1 O'Ro'rke, 1, fo 1 4 1 0 Murnan, 1b ... 0 0 13 0 0 Schafer, 3b ... 1 0 2 1 1 McGlant. Burdock, 2b .1 0 5 7 1 Remsen, c. f.1 Hingham, r.f.0 Jarey, s. s. Bond, p.... York, l. f... Bond, p. . . . 0 0 1 2 1 McGini'y,c.f.1 York, l. f. . 1 3 2 0 1 Manning, r.f. 0 Mills, ib . 0 1 15 0 2 Morrill, c. 0 Allison, r.f. 0 1 2 2 1 Joseph, p. . . 0 Totals 3 11 30 18 7

Totals...2 7 30 14 6 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 1—3 0 2 0 0 0 0—2 Innings.. Hartfords. Umpire—Mr. Knight, of Yale.
Time of Game—3 hours, 10 minutes.
Runs earned—None.

The College Clubs gave the Professionals a good push, the Harvards playing the Reds with the appended score on April 19th:

The Yales gave the Hartfords a busy time on April 22d, too, as the score below shows: Hartfords......0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 3 1—5 Yales......0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Umpire—G M. Rogers, Yale. Time of Game-hour and 45 minutes. Runs earned—None. Fib base by errors—Hartfords, 6; Yale, 1. The Hartford papers advise the Hartfords to leave "scientific" batting alone and go in for hard hitting. This is like telling a light weight to go in for hard hitting in a fight with a heavy man, and to let sparring science alone. Hard hitting will do when you have learned the art of hitting a ball to any part of the field you wish to send it. But this going in to hit a ball blindly, as it were, not knowing where it is go-ing, is boy's play at the bat. It never pays. Batsmen should learn how to face for hits properly.

Ripples.

WE are told that nothing was made in vain. But how about a fashionable girl? Isn't she naiden vain?

A despairing swain, in a fit of desperation,

recently declared to his unrelenting lady-love, that it was his firm determination to drown nimself, or perish in the attempt! What is that which everybody asks for, but which no one is willing to take, even though it

costs nothing? Advice. The worm will turn. A Prussian in Dusseldorf lately killed his wife and daughter for ridiculing his brilliant red hair, and his action is likely to inaugurate a general revolt of redheaded men.

"What does 'Good Friday' mean?" asked ne schoolboy of another. "You had better one schoolboy of another. "You had better go home and read your Robinson Crusoe," was the withering reply. "You hain't got any chewing terbaccer bout your clo'es, hev you?" asked a Fort Scott

girl of a young man she was escorting to a leapyear party A girl in Berks county, Pennsylvania, only

twelve years old, rises daily at 4 A. M., milks thirteen cows, and prepares a breakfast for the family. Her hair isn't "banged," and she doesn't wear a one-legged dress. "So you wouldn't take me to be twenty?" said a rich heiress to an Irish gentleman, while

dancing the polka. "What would you take me for, then?" "For better or worse," replied the son of the Emerald Isle. A man who has been traveling in the "Far West" says—but he probably misrepresents the matter—that when an Idaho girl is kissed she "Now put that right indignantly exclaims:

back where you took it from." "Why do women spend so much money on asked a gentleman of a belle. worry other women," was the diabolical but truthful reply.

woman will spend more time to hide a pimple on her forehead than she will to take care of seven children. An old preacher, who had several calls to take a parish, asked his servant where he should go, and the servant said: "Go where there is

ost sin. sir." The preacher concluded that

The vital statistics of this country prove that

that was good advice, and went where there was most money. She backed against the wall, while o'er Her face the hot blood rushes "'Tis knowledge of my love," thought I, That starts those tell-tale blushes. Then in her ear I warmly sighed:

In vain you have not trusted.

"Get out, you fool!" she quick replied; "I'm 'fraid my pull-back's bu'sted!" He sat in a railway car. His head was thicky covered with a mass of red hair. Behind him in a seat sat a man with hardly any hair on his head. He said to him: "I guess you when they dealt out hair." "Oh, wasn't around when they dealt out hair." yes I was," replied bald head, "but they of-

fered me a lot of red hair, and I told them to throw it into the ash-bin. Dr. Franklin has said: "When I see a house well furnished with books and newspapers, there I see intelligent and well-informed chil dren; but if there are no books or papers, the

children are ignorant, if not profligate The most trying moment in the life of a youth is when he slips, for the first time, into a barber shop to be shaved, and meets his father there on the same errand. Somehow it takes some time for the paternal mind to become reonciled to the fact of his hopeful's pin feathers.

"Benjamin!" shouted Mrs. Toodles, to her husband, who was going out of the gate, "bring me up five cents worth of snuff when "Snuff! Mrs. Toodles, snuff!" he ejaculated, as he paused, with his hand on the latch. "No, no, Mrs. Toodles, the times are too hard to admit of such extravagance; you must tickle your nose with a straw when you want to sneeze.